THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NOVEMBER.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The yellow glow is on the sea—
The soft November glow;
And on its bosom, vast and blue,
The white sails gleaming show.

The red leaves fall; the queenly beech
Has donned her diadem
Of bright imperial purple hue,
Each leaf a priceless gem.

The brown nuts fall, the squirrel leaps
Triumphant o'er the spoil;
The russet dormouse hastes to join,
And add his share of toil.

And we beneath the chestnuts stray,
To catch the mellow shower,
Or pluck the rich chrysanthemum—
King Autumn's fairest flower.

On such a day we feel we play
On earth a feeble part;
How poor, compared with Heaven's gifts,
Are all our works of art.

Yet stay—a feeble part? Not so—
A noble part we play;
Oh, may it be that we may hear
The glad "Well done" some day!

GENTLEMAN DICK;

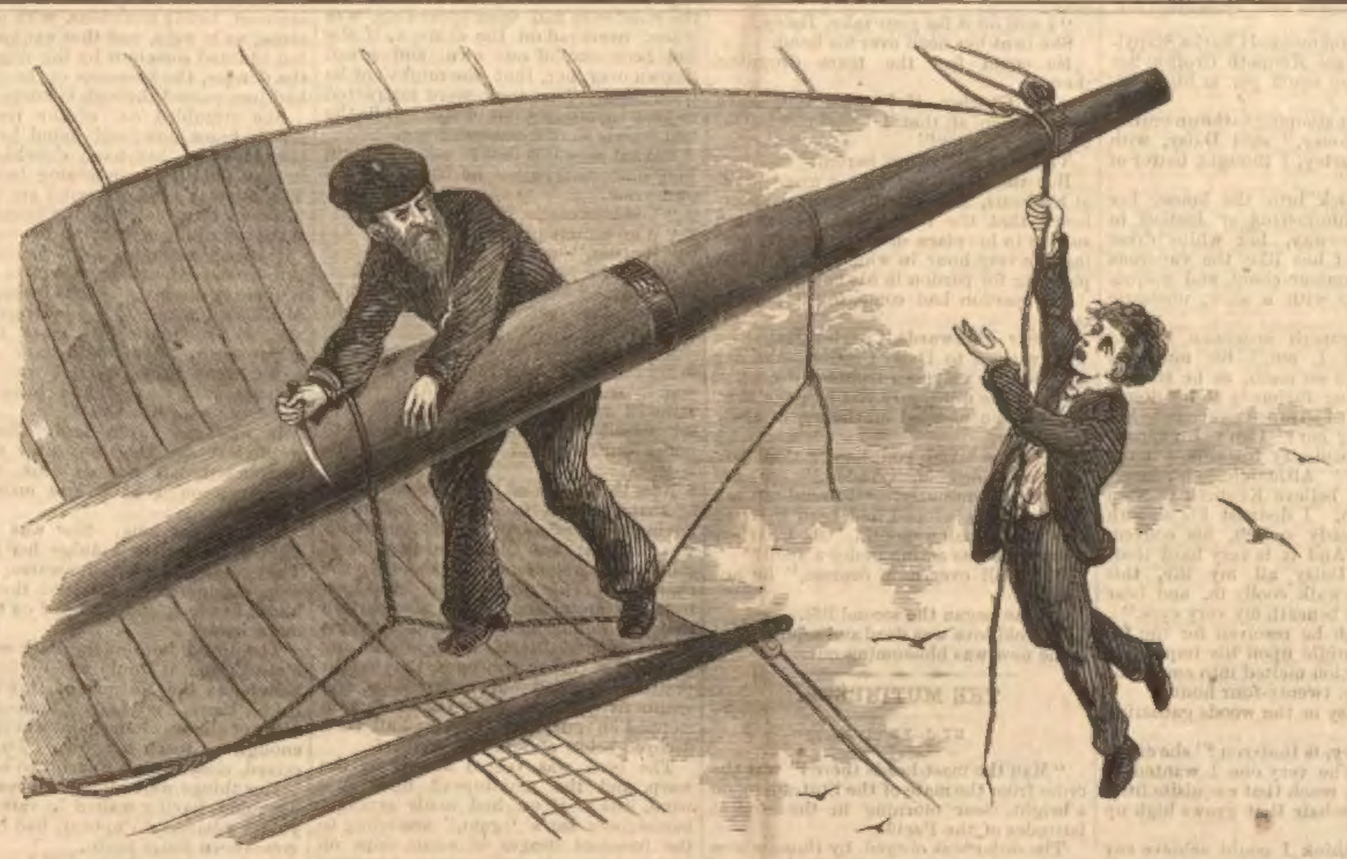
OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]



He clutched the rope with a despairing cry, and hung dangling by a thread, as it were, a hundred feet above the sea!

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

The Dolphin had been bowling along rapidly, at her best speed, but she was in a variable climate now, and they could not know at what moment a storm would sweep the decks. The barometer had gone down suddenly, and a strange gray wall was creeping up from the east. No man knew better than Dan Forsythe the danger which was coming, and how to guard against it. Up went the topmen, and foremost among them Dick Fenton, whose station was in the main yard. Hearing a quick breathing behind him, as he reached the top, he saw, instead of Tatty, the bruised face of Black Rodger.

"What are you doing here?" he cried, in an angry tone. "This is Tatty's place next to me."

"Maybe you are mate of the Dolphin. Mr. Forsythe sent me here," was the sullen reply.

"What are you doing, there on the main yard?" roared Forsythe, from the deck. "Lay out there, you useless young lubber."

Dick pushed himself out to his station, the last foot rope on the main yard, and began to pull away at the sail, furling it and tying his knots much more rapidly than some of the older sailors. In taking in sail, or reefing, the topman stands upon a foot-rope, swung below the yard, and to a greenhorn, the position is a hazardous one. But Dan Forsythe knew what he was about when he stationed the boy at a point which is only taken by the smartest men in the ship.

"Curse him," muttered the mate, as he looked up. "That young devil will come down alive. If he does, I've half a mind to brain Black Rodger; ha!"

He alone, among all those on the deck and in the rigging, saw Black Rodger stoop, and touch the foot-rope upon which Dick stood with the keen edge of his knife. It parted with a loud snap, and with a thrilling shriek, the boy fell.

He fell, but not to the deck, for the wind caught the swaying foot-rope and dashed it against his open hand as he dropped. He clutched it with a despairing grip, and behold this human atom dangling by a thread, as it were, a hundred feet above the sea! What could he do to save himself?

Black Rodger retreated from the yard and stood in the top, making no effort to aid him. Tatty was sliding down from the foretop, to which he had been sent by the mate, and was crossing the deck rapidly, when Forsythe stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"To save that boy," replied the island prince, pointing at the dangling form aloft. "To save him, or kill Black Rodger."

"What can you do?"

"I can help him."

"A tornado is on us; back to your duty, or I will kill you like a dog."

"None of that," cried a voice in his ear. "Aloft there, if you will, Tatty, and save that boy."

The person who had interfered was the only man on board the ship who had the right to do so, Captain Manning! Tatty needed no second bidding, but went up the rigging with furious speed, eager to be of service, but he did not arrive in time.

Dick found the trapeze exercise, which he had delighted in practicing in the gymnasium, of infinite service in this hour of peril. Grasping the rope above his head with a firm clutch, he raised himself higher, and held himself in that position by the sheer power of the muscles of his strong right arm, while with his left he passed the dangling end of the foot-rope about his body, under the arms. No man living could have accomplished the feat, unless he had been practiced in it, and few would have been cool enough to attempt it, dangling on the end of a small rope a hundred feet above the sea. The rope being passed twice under his arms, he no longer feared for himself, for the strain was taken off his right arm, and he was no longer obliged to support himself entirely by that. Still holding the end of the rope in his left hand, he laid it across his right hand in such a way that by a quick turn he made a knot which might slip, but would slip slowly. Then, to the surprise of all, he shifted his right hand suddenly and swiftly and grasped the rope above the knot and raised his body so that there was no strain upon the imperfect knot which he had made, and while holding it in that position, working with his left hand, he formed a square knot and bore his weight upon it. If the rope held, he was safe.

He removed his hands and rested a moment, swaying to and fro at the end of the yard. Black Rodger, from his perch in the maintop, watched him with wild and furious eyes, for it seemed that the boy must escape, after all, and he knew that his victim had seen him cut the rope, though too late to save himself, and Tatty was coming up the ratlins, making the mast quiver with his weight. He started out on the yard, but the big harpooner stopped and drew a pistol.

"Come back!" he screamed. "If you set a foot on that yard, you are dead."

"I want to save him!" shrieked Black Rodger. "Can't you let me save the boy?"

"Come back; you know that I shoot close, and I warn you."

Black Rodger stepped back over the rim of the top, and grasping a backstay, slid to the deck. No one noticed him except Dan, who whispered, as he passed:

"Run into my state-room and bolt the door."

All the crew were gazing at the boy, who was dangling below the yard. They saw him lift his right hand and grasp the rope, which he went up like a cat, and the next moment he was lying across the yard, out of breath. Tatty ran out without touching the ropes, and by a single slashing blow, forced him from the foot-rope, and then lifting him on one arm as if he had been a child, he ran back to the top. Then what a cheer went up from the waiting crew; cheers for Gentleman Dick, mingled with the name of the Harpooner Prince, Tatai Mainitu.

"Let me go, Tatty," cried Dick. "I'm all right now."

He seized the stay by which Black Rodger had descended, and gained the deck, where he was first greeted by Captain Manning, who grasped his hand warmly.

"I don't know when I have been so pleased in many a year, my lad. Keep on as you have begun, and it won't take long to make old Tom Manning believe that you have been lied about by them thieves that sent you here. How did you come to fall?"

"I didn't fall," replied Dick. "See here, do you want me to peach on a shipmate?"

"No one was on the yard with you when you fell."

"Captain," said Tatty, "the boy has got queer notions of honor, and I'll take the job off his hands. Black Rodger Binks cut the foot-rope, and I saw him do it. *The first mate saw him, too.*"

He turned boldly and looked at Dan Forsythe, and with those bold eyes upon him, that officer dare not give him the lie.

"I saw the man with a knife in his hand, but I cannot say that I saw him cut the foot-rope," he said.

"He cut it a foot below the yard, and if you will go aloft, you'll see that it is so. I——"

"Steady, there at the wheel," roared Captain Manning. "Hard a port!"

It was well for them all that the eyes of the old sea-dog had seen the danger in time, for while these events were passing the gray wall had been rushing up with terrible swiftness. The wheel, in the hands of the second and third mates, was forced quickly around, while the men rushed to the starboard braces. By the combined effect of these movements the prow of the ship receded, and as the storm came down within whoop, it struck her on the quarter instead of on the broadside. Even as it was the tapering masts went down like whips, until the mainyard touched the top of a great wave.

"Ease her off a little," said the captain, waving his hand. "Steady; let her go before it. You, Tatty, jump up on the to'gallant fok'sel and keep a good lookout. With sea room enough, I laugh at any storm that blows."

And the stout old captain, bareheaded, his gray hair floating in the furious wind, which dashed the salt spray into his face, stood up like some old Triton, while the ship rushed on before the mighty gale.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE RIO WINE SHOP.

Dick, whose sailing had all been done in the waters of Boston Bay, had never seen such a storm as this, but he gloried in it. High on the to'gallant forecastle he took his stand, laughing as the salt spray dashed over him, and forgetting how near he had been to his death. Tatty laid his broad hand approvingly upon his shoulder.

"You've got enemies aboard the old Dolphin," he cried, in the ear of the lad, so as to be heard above the roar of the storm. "You've got enemies, and one of them is Black Rodger."

"And the other?"

"The first mate."

"Why should he hate me?"

"I don't know that he does. Maybe he is paid to get you out of the way. Don't let us talk any more now, but you lay low and watch my smoke. There will be thunder all around the sky before this thing goes much further."

"What do you mean?"

Tatty winked in a very knowing manner, but refused to say any more. The Dolphin rode out the storm bravely, and at nightfall anchored in the harbor of Rio, the only port she was allowed to make before reaching Honolulu. Black Rodger had not been seen since he ran below, after he reached the deck, although Tatty had looked for him high and low, with the intention, openly expressed, of making him "wish for the refuge of the grave." But although he searched in every part of the ship, except the cabins of the captain and first mate, he could find nothing of the ex-wrecker.

"I'll have him yet, the dirty thief," he muttered. "Forsythe has hid him somewhere, and I'm going to find out where it is."

Forsythe was left in charge of the ship while the captain and steward went ashore to buy necessaries for the voyage, which they could not very well obtain in New Bedford. The men were given shore leave for the day, as there was little danger that any of them would desert so early in the voyage. Rio is a strange old place, and under the watchful care of Tatty, who knew the town well, Dick walked about from street to street, finding in every one something new and strange. The great cathedrals, the convents, monasteries and public buildings were new to him; the processions of dark robed priests and nuns; the horsemen from the Pampas, in their gaudy, national costume, showing off their horsemanship to the admiring crowd; for these Gauchos, half Spanish, half Indian, are the best horsemen in the world, not even excepting the Mexicans. Pretty Brazilian girls, in neat costumes, peeped at the handsome boy and the stalwart sailor from beneath their dark veils, and some even permitted the veils to be blown aside, to catch the eyes of the *Americanos*, for whom Spanish women have always shown a decided preference. The men, on the contrary, scowled at them, and muttered curses from behind the smoke of their fragrant cigars.

"Have you got your pistols handy?" said Tatty.

"Yes," replied Dick. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because these half-Indian Brazilians are mighty handy with their knives, and I am going into this wine shop. It won't be healthy for them to pitch into me."

He turned into a wine shop, and in execrable Spanish asked for wine, which was brought at once, together with cigars and fruit. Dick applied himself to the fruit, leaving the wine and cigars to Tatty, who was fully competent to attend to them. After drinking two glasses of the rich wine, he filled up again, and then, lighting a cigar, leaned back to enjoy himself.

"If there is anything on earth which suits me, it is an indolent life in a hot country," he said. "I've lived the life in my own land, but it gets tiresome, and I long for the sweep of the surge, the spout of the whale, and the harpoon in my hand. Come; what do you want, you black-mouthed son of a thief?"

This apostrophe was directed to a dirty looking Gaucho, who had come to the door of the wine shop, looked at the Americans curiously, and slunk away.

"I s'pose he never saw a live harpooner before," said Tatty, fondling his favorite weapon, which he carried with him wherever he went. "He'd better not fool around me too much or something might happen to him."

The Gaucho went back to another wine shop, not far below, where Dan Forsythe was seated at a table over a bottle of wine.

"Well, friend," he said, speaking the language of the country fluently; "have you seen them?"

"Si, senor," replied the man, as he sat down at the table and helped himself to wine. "They are sitting at a table, and the big one is drinking and smoking, and the boy eating oranges. I do not like the looks of that large man, and he has got a terrible spear with him, with a blade as wide as my hand."

"That is a harpoon," replied the mate, "and you must look out for him if he gets a chance to use it. I have seen him hit a block of wood, a foot square, at eighty feet."

The man hissed out a Spanish execration. He was brave enough, in his way, but the harpoon did not suit him.

"Have your own way, my friend," the mate said. "If you do not care to do the job, I will find some one else."

"No, senor; when Ramon Diaz undertakes a job, you may regard it as done. How long do you stay in port?"

"Only two days."

"That will do; I will answer for it that the work shall be thoroughly done."

"Very good; here are five doubloons, and when you have done the work, you may apply to me for five more."

The dark hand of the Gaucho closed quickly upon the money, and with a hasty farewell, he gulped down another glass of wine, and left the place, while Forsythe sat there, knitting his brows fiercely, and trying to keep down his own rebellious heart.

"I was not always such a villain," he said, "but fate has made me what I am."

He deceived himself. Fate has nothing to do with the good or evil deeds of men, but those who are guilty love to have a scapegoat upon which to lay their crimes.

"The boy is a brave one," thought Forsythe. "If he had lived, what a gallant man he would make, and what a noble sailor. When I compare him with his brother, who so basely sold him to death, I wonder that I am the willing tool of such a man. But I must have this money, come what will. I only hope that this black-visaged Gaucho may make surer work than Black Rodger did, the other day. Some power seems to watch over this boy, and to give him strength to defeat me. Will he conquer in the end? Who can tell?"

After drinking a bottle of wine, Tatty and Dick left the wine shop, and again wandered through the streets. It was getting dark when they came down towards the landing, and Tatty insisted upon another bottle of wine before he gave up his liberty. Dick tried to dissuade him, but only made him more obstinate in his determination, and they entered another wine shop. Scarcely had they seated themselves, when half a dozen dark-looking men, headed by the Gaucho who had talked with Forsythe, poured into the room noisily, and took seats near them.

"That's a mighty hard-looking nation," said Tatty. "Little girl, a bottle of wine and some cigars."

The girl could not understand a word he said, but knowing that he must have come for wine or cigars, she brought both at once. Tatty chucked her under the chin, for he had taken just enough wine to be careless of consequences. The girl did not object, but the dark-faced Gaucho at the next table was only too glad of an excuse for a quarrel. He at once arose, and advanced to their table, and stood looking on with a savage scowl.

"Why did you insult the girl?" he said, angrily.

"Sit down again, if you please, Senor Diaz, and do not interfere with my customers," cried the girl. "Does it hurt me that he touched my chin with his fingers? and the boy is an angel. Ah, *por Dios*, how handsome he is!"

"I am going to spoil his beauty," said Diaz, with a savage grin. "Senor, I repeat my question; why did you insult the girl?"

Quick as thought the girl slipped past him, and ran out at the back door, just as the Gaucho struck Tatty in the face with his open hand. Without rising from the table, the harpooner gave him a blow of the same kind, which brought him down across his own table, bottles and glasses giving way as he fell. Up sprang the Gaucho, with a murderous-looking knife in his hand, and sprang at Tatty; but was met by the broad blade of the harpoon and forced backward.

"Stern all!" cried Tatty, as if he had just struck a whale. "No playing with edged tools, my sweet youth. Back into the corner, Dick, and get out your pistols, for you may have to use them."

The two stepped back swiftly, and reached a little alcove, in which stood a single table. The entrance to this place was so narrow that a resolute man, armed as Tatty was, could hold it against a hundred. Twice the Gaucho tried to advance, but as often leaped back out of reach, when Tatty thrust at him with the harpoon. Just behind the stout sailor, holding a cocked pistol in each hand, but reserving his fire for the last extremity, stood Dick Fenton.

"Whoop!" cried Tatty. "Why don't you come on, you black-muzzled thief? I'm waiting, I'm *anxious* to hear from you."

The Gaucho shouted a loud order, and five of his men darted out at the back door. Dick was not a good Spanish student, but he made out a single word, which made him turn his head and he saw a large latticed window behind him, and close beside it the stout wooden bar with which it was fastened at night.

"Keep the entrance clear, Tatty," he cried. "I'll take care of the window."

He pushed the table aside and laid his pistols upon it, snatching up the wooden bar as he did so. He was just in time, for a dark hand was laid upon the lattice and tore it away, and a head was thrust in. The wooden bar descended with a dull *thud*, and *that* head was removed.

"Give them Bunker Hill!" shouted Tatty, as he heard the blow. "Do you want any help?"

"No, no; I can take care of this."

The Gaucho and his three remaining friends made a rush at Tatty, who saw that pacific measures were at an end. Still he did not wish to kill them, although he knew that they sought his life; and turning the harpoon in his hand he struck a sweeping blow at the head of the Gaucho, which brought him to the floor. Two more stunning blows and the others were placed *hors de combat*, and he sprang to the lattice, at which the other party, with bleeding heads, were trying to force their way in, while the blows of Dick Fenton fell like rain.

But the Gaucho had a hard head and struggled up from the floor, a knife in his right hand gleaming in the light of the lamps. Thus armed, he sprang suddenly forward, and raised the heavy blade above his head, designing to drive it to the hilt between the shoulders of the harpooner.

There is said to be a magnetic force passing from one man to another through the eye which warns a man of approaching danger. Some such force as this caused the stout harpooner to drop suddenly to the earth, just as the Gaucho struck his blow; and, meeting no resistance, he stumbled over the stooping sailor. Rising quickly, the giant harpooner caught his opponent by the shoulder and hip, and whirled him, shrieking for mercy, above his head. Tatty felt all the wild blood of his heathen mother stir in his veins, and for a moment he hesitated with the writhing form of the Gaucho held above his head. Then, with a fierce laugh, he hurled him headlong at the men crowding in at the open window, knocking them in every direction. Before they could recover, the *guardas* rushed into the wine shop, led by the waiter girl, and the Yankee sailors were safe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

The Dolphin had left the port of Rio, and was off the "Horn," where she had been for fourteen days. Every morning, when he came on deck, Dick had seen that rocky headland bared against the sky, apparently in the same position in which he had seen it upon the first day when they sighted it. "Doubling the Horn" is tedious work, beating against a baffling head wind, scarcely seeming to gain a mile after a long stretch to the south, and it bothered the boy.

"We'll never double that cape," said Dick, angrily. "There it is, as bold and black as it was two weeks ago. I tell you that this ship is like the Flying Dutchman, and we must sail about these seas until the timbers rot under our feet."

"It always worries the boys to double the Horn," said Tatty, with his hoarse laugh. "Don't you fool yourself, my boy. Wait until we go about again, and you will see something new."

The order came and the men sprang to their work with a will, for they knew that the time had come. The great ship felt the helm, the prow slowly receded, and with loud huzzas they cleared the Horn, and were rising and falling upon the long swell of the South Pacific.

Forsythe had changed his tactics. He had failed twice, once when his Gaucho tool was beaten, and again when Dick fell from the yard, on the day when the knife of Black Rodger severed the foot-rope. He became very friendly with

Dick, but the boy, while yielding every obedience to his superior officer, would not be his friend, no matter what advances the mate might make.

"He's a sly one, is the first dickey," said Tatty; "and unless I fool myself—and I don't think I do—he set those bloody Gauchos on us in Rio. Remember that he took charge of the ship, and as soon as the captain was gone, he put the second mate in charge, and went ashore in the dingy, and Sam Tully saw him talking with a Gaucho in a wine shop just before they pitched into us. Sam says that he gave the Gaucho money, and if he did, it was to pay for putting us out of the way. My boy, some one, I don't know who, would be glad if you are dead."

"What are you jawing about, there in the foretop?" growled a voice below them. They looked down and saw the mate, who was scowling angrily at the harpooner.

"Lay down from aloft, you Tatty," he cried. "Be lively."

Obedience is the first law on board ship, and the next moment there was a vacancy in the atmosphere lately occupied by Tatty, and he slid to the deck.

"What do you see so enticing about that young whelp?" demanded the mate. "You fight for him like a tiger for her cubs."

"I'd do as much for any messmate, Mr. Forsythe," replied Tatty. "It is a way we old tars have, if you only knew it."

"I suppose you are right," replied the mate, grimly. "I dipped my hand in the tar bucket a good many years ago, and learned the ropes. Now I want to ask you a single question, and I want you to answer it like a man. If it was a question which you would side with, that boy or myself, which would you stand by?"

Tatty was silent, but he looked at the mate in a strange, intent way.

"Why don't you answer?"

"It ain't a fair deal," said Tatty, quietly, "and I ain't going to answer any such question, if I can help it."

"Take care," said Forsythe, with a threatening look. "I won't take any impudence from you."

"I don't mean to be impudent, Mr. Forsythe. I'll say as much as this, since you will have an answer: I love that boy better than anything on earth, and I'd kill any man that tried to wrong him!"

"You would?"

"Yes I would, Mr. Forsythe. Bear in mind that I've got some of the old heathen blood in me, and we love and hate strong. That boy is a good, plucky one, and has the making of a man in him. More than that, he was kidnapped on board this ship by some one that wants him to come to harm, and I'll help him through."

Forsythe grasped an iron belaying-pin firmly, and made a movement as if he would raise it. Tatty crouched like a tiger about to spring, and his huge fists were tightly clenched, while the wild light given by his Maori blood flashed from his eyes.

"I've half a mind to give you one for that speech, Tatty," said Forsythe.

"I wouldn't, if I was you," replied the island prince, quietly. "Better for both of us if you hold your hand. For twenty years I have sailed upon these seas; I have obeyed orders, and no man ever struck me a blow. I beg you not to do it now, for I can't answer for myself."

Forsythe burst into a hearty laugh, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the harpooner.

"Pshaw, old man; do you think I am such a fool as to quarrel with you? I don't care how close you stick to the boy, but one thing I will say, you are deceived in him, and one of these days you will find it out."

"I don't think so, Mr. Forsythe," replied Tatty. "I think he is going to be a man worth knowing."

"You may go."

The harpooner moved away quickly, and again mounted the ratlins, when Forsythe again called to him.

"Don't repeat what I have said," he cried, looking up.

"All right, sir; not *this* time, if you wish it."

The starboard watch went below at twelve o'clock, shore time, and Dick, who was very tired, turned in at once. Tatty sat by his bunk and smoked a pipe, and when he knocked out the ashes the lad was asleep. The giant harpooner arose, and looked at him with an earnest glance, as he lay there with his head pillowed on his arm, his curls clustered about his noble young face.

"Forsythe lies when he says that the boy is a bad one," he muttered, in an angry tone. "And I'll stand by Gentleman Dick while I have a leg to stand on. I wonder where in thunder that Black Rodger went that day; I'll pay him off if we ever meet."

He divested himself of his clothing and sprang into his bunk, and was soon asleep. But Tatty slept with one eye open, and the lightest step would always arouse him, no matter how tired he was. His strange bedfellow, the harpoon, was lying by his side, against the bulkhead; for night or day, except when going aloft, the weapon never left him.

He awoke with a start, and realized the fact that some one was creeping about in the forecastle. By the dim light of the lantern it was impossible to make out who it was, but Tatty supposed that it was one of the "port" watch who was "soldiering," or in other words, had sneaked off the deck to sleep. This aroused the ire of the old salt, who could not bear anything like a man who would dodge his duty. Still lying quietly in his bunk, he waited. The man, whoever it was, crept with a stealthy step from bunk to bunk, and his strange actions began to puzzle the harpooner.

"He wants to steal something," he thought. "Tobacco, maybe."

If the strange man was after tobacco, he was looking for it in queer places. He stopped at every bunk, and looked closely into the faces of the men who lay there. They were all asleep, and he passed on to the one occupied by Tatty, who at once dropped back and snored loudly, while he kept one eye partly open and fixed intently upon the face of the intruder. He seemed to hesitate as he heard the harpooner snore, but upon second thought, he came nearer. A sound on deck startled him, and he sprang back toward the companion, and Tatty heard a low voice say: "All right; go ahead."

"Stealing, eh!" thought Tatty. "One to watch and the other to do the trick; I'll see what I can do."

The intruder again approached the bunk, and Tatty was once more sound asleep. For a moment the stranger stood over him, and the eyes of the harpooner were tightly closed, for he dared not keep them open now. Again the stealthy step was heard, as the man moved away and the harpooner again opened his eyes. This time the stranger was standing over the bunk of Dick Fenton, and suddenly bending, he seized the sleeping boy by the throat, throwing the weight of his body upon him to keep him down. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD AND NEW LOVE.

BY MABEL DEAN.

It would be nice to have a real lover," said Daisy Hewitt.

"Well, then, here's one at your service," retorted Charley Stapylton, with a low bow.

"Nonsense!"

"And why do you say nonsense, with such a contemptuous toss of the head, Miss Hewitt?"

"Because," said Daisy, "I've known you all my life, and I should as soon think of making a lover out of yonder old clock on the stairs, that has stood ticking there for fifty years."

Charles Stapylton tried to laugh, but it was evident that he was a little nettled.

"I am not eligible to the position, then?" questioned he.

"No," said Miss Daisy, in all good faith. "My idea of a lover is something tall, and dark, and dangerously interesting; some one with a history; some one, for instance, with a little flush of color mantling his cheek, like Kenneth Crofton."

"Humph!" commented Charles Stapylton. "I presume Kenneth Crofton has a history, if one could get at his creditors."

"Now you are stooping to the unworthy passion of jealousy," said Daisy, with dignity. "Charley, I thought better of you than that."

She went back into the house, her yellow curls shimmering an instant in the sunny doorway, her white dress fluttering about her like the vaporous masses of a summer cloud, and Stapylton went away with a slow, unelastic step.

"What a superb specimen of the genus donkey I am," he muttered between his his set teeth, as he stalked along, twitching furiously at his moustache. "Can't I so much as speak to her without vexing her? Can't I exercise ordinary magnanimity towards a more fortunate rival? Although, in my innermost heart, I believe Kenneth Crofton to be a villain. I distrust his smooth accents, his ready speech, his conventional smile. And it is very hard that, after loving Daisy all my life, this stranger is to walk coolly in, and bear away the prize beneath my very eyes."

But although he resolved for the future to put a bridle upon his impetuous lips, his resolution melted into empty air within the next twenty-four hours.

He met Daisy in the woods gathering ferns.

"Oh, Charley, is that you?" she cried, gleefully. "The very one I wanted to see. Can you reach that exquisite little tuft of maidenshair that grows high up yonder ledge?"

"Daisy, I think I could achieve any task you were to set me," he answered, fervently.

He swung himself up the steep acclivity, and reached down the nodding plume of slender-stemmed ferns.

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Daisy, arranging the leaves with a caressing touch.

But Stapylton stood beside her.

"Daisy, did you really mean that yesterday?"

"Did I really mean what?" she questioned, with blue, uplifted eyes of innocent surprise.

"That—that you never could look upon me in the light of a possible lover?"

"Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a masquerade or a practical joke?"

"Neither, Daisy. Only I love you."

"Then you are a fool for your pains," said Daisy, impatiently. "When you might have known that——"

"That what, Daisy?"

His eyes were glittering now, with suppressed light, his brow darkened.

"That I was engaged to Kenneth Crofton."

"Daisy!"

"Aye, and I am proud of it," she went on, with rose-red cheeks and downcast lashes. "We are to be married in the autumn, and go abroad. I meant to have told you this before, but it only happened last evening, when we stood together under the old apple tree in the moonlight."

So Charles Stapylton went away, trying to nerve himself to think that all was for the best.

His daisy-blossom was gathered by another man's hand, and he tried to rejoice in her happiness. But he could not.

Human nature was too much for him.

He felt towards Crofton as Cain of old might have felt towards Abel.

"I can't stay to see her married to him," he thought. "I had better go away before I commit myself by some exceptionally outrageous piece of folly."

So he went to New York.

Went thither just in time to take part in a speculation which made him a wealthy man in a comparatively brief interval of time.

The acquisition of gold has a wonderful influence on the nature of man.

Perhaps it helped to deaden the dull pain in Charles Stapylton's heart sooner than anything else could have done.

It was a bleak December night, five years after, with gusts of occasional snow hurrying through the streets, and the lamps flickering dimly in the wind, when a lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, stopped at the door of a superb mansion at the corner of two of the most prominent streets.

"Has Mr. Stapylton returned yet?"

"Just come," said the servant, indifferently. "But he's very tired, and very busy. Better call again. It ain't likely he'll see anybody to-night."

"He will see me," said the lady, in a low, firm voice, as she drew out a card, and penciled two words upon it. "Take this card to him without delay."

The man stared, but obeyed, and presently returned.

"You're to walk in, ma'am, please."

And forthwith he ushered the mysterious stranger into a small reception-room, furnished in blue velvet and gold, and mirrors gleaming all around.

In the middle of the room, at an inlaid desk, sat a gentleman, in whose grave, care-lined face and hair slightly "sprinkled with gray," it would scarcely be easy to recognize our old friend, Charley Stapylton.

"Daisy, is it you?" he asked, with earnest cordiality, as he advanced, with outstretched hand.

"Yes, Charley, it is I."

Pale, beautiful, dressed in deep black, she stood before him, the violet eyes as blue and appealing as ever, the dewy-red lips quivering.

"And I have come to beg mercy at your hands," she added, nervously intertwining her own.

"Daisy!"

"Be silent and hear me. They have told you of the forged check on the bank—the five thousand dollar check!"

"Yes."

"And that the forger is detected?"

"Certainly."

"But have they told you of the criminal's name?" she faltered.

"No; surely, Daisy," he muttered, with a strange light of comprehension dawning over his face.

"It is my husband! Oh, Charles Stapylton, you know my errand now. It is to beg, to plead that you will be merciful to us, as you one day expect mercy to be shown to yourself at the Eternal Throne. It is not that I longer care for him," she added, with a choking sob in her throat. "The spark of love died out long ago, on the altar of my heart. I discovered my delusion when the orange blossoms of my bridal wreath were fairly withered. But I have some pride left—and to see my husband condemned to a felon's doom would kill me, I believe. You alone can save me, Charles, by putting a stop to these legal proceedings. Will you do it—for my sake?"

"I will do it for your sake, Daisy."

She bent her head over his hand.

He could feel the tears dropping there.

"Oh, Charley, if I could only have known then all that I know now! Oh, Charley, Charley!"

That was all. They parted.

But the next day, with a great thrill at his heart, Mr. Stapylton, the banker, heard that the forger had committed suicide in his place of confinement, during the very hour in which his wife was pleading for pardon in his behalf.

The pardon had come, but it was too late.

A year afterwards, Charles Stapylton was married to Daisy Crofton—and her past became only as a troubled dream.

"You are quite sure you love me now, Daisy?" he pleaded on the eve of their bridal day.

"I have loved you longer than you have any idea of, Charley," she answered, tremulously. "I found out my fatal mistake before I had been married to—to that man a month. Oh, Charley, I believe I was acting under a spell!"

"It is all over now, dearest," he answered.

And so began the second life.

The old love was dead and sepulchered—the new was blossoming out.

THE MUTINEERS.

BY J. FENTON.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-outs of the morning. But the youngster whose station was in the fore to'-gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horison.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below up. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-boat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barber—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had, at least a full crew. We backed the maintopsail, and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"They've lowered for whales, and got lost from their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out *eight* men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the barque Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before, by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the barque down among the Marshall Islands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the barque—recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.

"Of course he won't pass near us if he can help it," said Watson.

"No, I suppose he will avoid us; but I am going to signalize, at any rate. Haul the mainsail up," said Captain Bent, to the officer of the deck, "and set the ensign at the gaff."

The orders were obeyed: and much to our surprise, the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intention of speaking us.

"What can it mean, that he is so ready to speak a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The barque's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

"What barque is that?" asked Captain Ben, innocently, after he had given his own name.

"The Newcastle, of Sidney."

"Who commands her?"

"Watson," was the reply.

"One of my men had his leg broken, yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the services of your surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been set adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usages of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe keeping. After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the barque, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the first comers with a story that his captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself a while. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was silently alongside in the darkness, before her approach had been observed by them.

The alarm was given by the cry "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantages of surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin; the few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of; and in less than two minutes from the time the boat was hailed, the quarter-deck of the Newcastle was in possesson of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principals in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

APPEARANCES.—If we examine closely into the causes of our happiness, we shall find that appearances play no inconsiderable part among them. To live utterly regardless of the impressions made upon others would be to sink far below the present stage of civilization, and to banish many prevailing moral influences, that exert a vast power for good. The wise man, therefore, in guarding himself and others against the abuses that come from indiscriminate and excessive love of display, will be careful not to condemn it—a condemnation that commonly fails on account of its manifest injustice. There is usually an habitual identification of pleasant appearances with the realities they personate, and this increases faith in their importance. There is sometimes morality as well as expediency in a regard for appearances; but where so many err is in having too much regard for them, and in neglecting the proper balance between that and higher motives.

THE great source of pleasure is variety. We love to expect; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

A CHILD rightly brought up is like a willow branch which, broken off and touching the ground, takes root and flourishes in any part of the earth.

THERE are persons who are never abreast of the age; they dive into the stream of the past and never come up again—their heads stick in the mud.

PICTURES.

BY J. E. B.

A silver thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows;
A babbling brook among the fells,
In sunny pools and shallows;
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the land of the fruitful West;
A river rolling to the main
Bearing navies on its breast;
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores!

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In its mother's bosom fondled;
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's proud knees dandled;
A youth in learning's eager chase,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurl'd;
A man with anxious, careworn face,
Bent 'neath the load of the world;
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LINA STRUGGLES WITH FATE.

No sooner had Mr. Carthen spoken those momentous words, that bound him to Lady Clementina as closely as an oath, than she tottered to her feet, bewildered, stunned, barely conscious, with only one sense, as it were, and that exquisite joy, but blunted somehow by the nearness of the danger, the keenness of the risk, she had just passed through victorious.

She stumbled out of the room, she hardly knew how, and found herself in the darkness, her hand clutching tight hold of the casket containing her locket. The air was cold, the wind strong; and it seemed to revive Lady Clementina as it passed over her burning brows.

"Mine!" she muttered; "mine! Lina is dispossessed, at last! Even if she will not marry the marquis, she cannot marry Mr. Carthen now. He belongs to me, and will not dare draw back from his given word. Who could have dreamt, a fortnight back, when I was so near despair, that there would come such a glorious victory as this?"

It was not often Lady Clementina wept; but the reaction, after the past excitement, left her so weak, that she sat down on a bank and cried like a child.

But not for long. She was not the kind of person to indulge her feelings. They might take her unawares; but she soon conquered them—beat them down under her feet, and stamped on them remorselessly.

The dinner hour at the Park was eight o'clock; and it would not do for her to be late, as the Marquis of Dawford was to be there. So Lady Clementina ran most of the way home, and was fortunate enough to reach her own room unperceived, close upon a quarter to eight.

Her things were all laid out ready; but her maid, having waited in vain for her young mistress to appear, had evidently gone down stairs again.

A sharp jerk of the bell brought her back, breathless.

"Quick, Anne!" said Lady Clementina, "I have only ten minutes to dress in, and you must do the best you can in that time. Arrange my hair as simply as you like, only be quick."

Anne set to work with a very discontented face, looking exceedingly as if she would like to grumble, if she dared. But the effect of the labor was more satisfactory than it might have been if she had taken all the pains in the world.

Lady Clementina's features were almost perfect; and her black hair only needed something in front, and twisting into a coil behind, to suit her better than an elaborate coiffure.

"What jewels, my lady?" said Anne, as she drew out the soft folds of her lemon-colored crape skirt, so as to make it fall more gracefully.

Lady Clementina had been threading her precious locket on a piece of black velvet; and this she bade Annie tie round her neck, in a loose bow.

"Shall I get you some bracelets, my lady?"

"No; I require no ornaments to-night."

Lady Clementina swept out, and was in her usual place in the drawing-room, when the butler announced "The Marquis of Dawford."

Poor little Lina, sitting silent in her corner, rose mechanically, as the others rose; but she was white all round her sweet lips, and her hand trembled like an aspen-leaf in the marquis' clasp. Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to herself.

In another minute dinner was announced; and, as the marquis had the seat of honor on Lady Dacre's right hand, Lina managed to get round to the opposite side of the table, out of his way. His eyes were on her always, as, indeed, they were all the evening, but, at a hint from Lady Clementina, he refrained from addressing her; and poor Lina, who seemed to have a childish feeling of terror, as if the marquis were some cruel ogre who meant to devour her, kept close at Wilfred's side, and would not allow him to move a single step without her.

At ten, the marquis' carriage came to the door, and he bowed himself out. Lina then retired, after kissing her mother and father, according to her custom. When she got to her own chamber, she dismissed her maid, and drawing an armchair up to the fire, sat down to think.

She had fancied, all the evening, that there was something odd in her sister's manner—a kind of veiled triumph and passionate joy. Lina believed that Lady Clementina loved Mr. Carthen, and was willing to resign her own claim, if it were necessary to the other's happiness; but to have the choice taken away from her by his cruel desertion, wounded her pride as much as it touched her heart.

It was almost a relief to think now of his going abroad. She could not even look out of her window without seeing his house, and being reminded of him. But when the Hall was shut up, and they themselves had gone to town, it might not be altogether so hard to bear.

In the midst of these reflections, the door opened suddenly, and Lady Clementina came in. She had exchanged her evening dress for a loose white *peignoir*; but even over this she wore the diamond locket, and as it glistened against her smooth, white throat, it seemed to fascinate and fix Lina's eyes.

"Who gave you that?" she said, presently. "It is very pretty."

"Gave me what?" inquired Lady Clementina, pretending not to understand what her sister meant.

"The locket you are wearing to-night."

"Look; and don't you recognize that face?"

She took it off, and handed it to Lina.

"It seems familiar, and yet I cannot be sure."

"The original has grown up now, of course."

"But who is the original?"

"Mr. Carthen."

Lina felt herself turn very pale, but she forced herself to say:

"Did he give you the locket, then?"

"He did."

"When?"

"This evening."

"Then you were with him this evening?"

"Assuredly, for about two hours; and you will be glad to hear that he is recovering, although still very weak."

"I should not have fancied that you would have gone to him, Clementina."

"Why not?"

"Because you would not even allow me to speak to him one day as he passed."

"That is quite a different thing."

"I don't see how."

"In the first place, he had not shown me every sign of friendship one day, and forsaken me the next without a word. In the next, I went to see him under peculiar circumstances—the only circumstances, indeed, that would have excused such an act on my part, or that of any other lady."

"You mean that he was so ill?"

"He was ill, certainly, but his illness would not have been sufficient excuse."

"You are too enigmatical for me," said Lina, almost angrily for her. "If you want me to understand you, you must really speak out."

"You won't be shocked?" said Lady Clementina, with affected sympathy, and the keenest enjoyment of the situation.

"Why should I be shocked?"

"Because you seemed to be so sure at one time that he preferred you."

"And I believe it still."

"It is very strange, if so, that he should have engaged himself to *me!*"

"To you?"

She could not have added another word to save her life, but she sat staring at her sister like one distraught.

"Ah, I always fancied it would end so myself. If it had not been for you, he would have declared himself before, I have no doubt."

"I tell you what," said Lina, decidedly. "If Mr. Carthen has really engaged himself to you, he is a false-hearted, bad man, and utterly unworthy of a woman's love. I never told you all, Clementina, but you must know that he sought me in every way, and tried by acts of daily devotion to win my love. His first glance, on entering a room, was for me, and his last on quitting it was from me still. The place at my side he claimed by right; and if he took my hand, it seemed as if he could hardly bear to part from it again. The choicest flowers in his green-house he brought me to put in my bouquet, or to adorn my room; and the book he had read with pleasure, I must also read. You may say what you like, he may have grown cold since, but he loved me then."

"He looked upon you as a child, Lina, and he fancied there could be no danger of your misunderstanding his intentions."

"There was no fear of that; they were too evident. Ask Wilfred; he saw a good deal, and he is a man himself, and should know what was meant."

"There has been a mistake, Lina, for Mr. Carthen asked me this evening to be his wife, and solemnly declared that he had loved me all along. He gave me this locket, which had once belonged to his mother, in token of his sincerity; and, moreover, he introduced me to Dr. Robinson as his future wife."

"Very well," answered Lina, coldly. "I shall not dispute with you the possession of your prize. A man who can act in the way he has acted, is not worth regretting. I utterly scorn his very name."

She spoke hotly, and her eyes blazed. But, suddenly, the tears rained down, and quenched the fire; and she prayed silently for peace, for courage to bear this terrible blow.

It was easy to picture Mr. Carthen as belonging to another, but oh, how terrible to realize!

"What must I do?" she said, presently. "He will be coming and going continually, and I cannot stay here. Oh, Clementina! you can afford to be merciful, being so happy! Tell me where I can find a shelter, that I may hide myself from him?"

"You cannot want a better shelter than the one already offered you," replied her sister, coldly.

"Which? Where?" asked poor Lina, looking from side to side, like some hunted animal.

"The Marquis of Dawford only needs a little encouragement to offer you his name; and, surely, you could not ask or expect a fairer refuge than that."

"I could not ask a more terrible, you mean. The Marquis of Dawford is near seventy."

"What of that?"

"I do not wish to marry; nay, it would be wicked for me to think of it. I could not promise truthfully, to love any man; and much more the Marquis of Dawford," she added, shuddering; "for he is the only person in the world I thoroughly dislike."

"I should have fancied, on the contrary, it was impossible to help liking him. His manners are most affable and charming."

"But he has such cruel, cold eyes! His look freezes all the warm blood in one's veins."

"Then it must have had quite a different effect upon you from what it was intended to have," answered Lady Clementina, with an amused laugh. "He has complained that you were so icy, Lina, and hoped that his fiery glances might melt you."

"I fancy he will discover that he has misjudged me somewhat."

"I shall have a very poor opinion of you if he has, Lina. I may as well tell you that candidly. Mr. Carthen should not be able to boast that we were as keeping single for his sake. You will make him vain. In all our little quarrels, he will be sure to remind me that he might have had you if he had chosen."

Poor Lina turned actually scarlet.

"He would surely be ashamed to say that, after his conduct; and, moreover, you would not, of course, allow such a thing to be said in your presence."

"I could not help it. It is man's habit to boast of such things."

"No true man would, Clementina."

"I don't know; I have always heard

you praise Mr. Carthen as a model of all virtues; and, certainly, dearly as I love him, I must own that he did not speak of you to-night as I consider he ought. Of course, you laid yourself open to his strictures, by courting him in the way you did; still, for my sake, he ought to have been a little more merciful."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he should hate you, only that you were so young that he could only pity you."

"Will you swear that he said this?"

"Yes, those were nearly his own words; but his meaning was even more distinct than I have cared to make it."

"I don't know what should have provoked such an assertion on his part."

"That I do not remember; but we were speaking, I fancy, of discretion as a necessary virtue in ladies."

"And he told you that I was indiscreet?"

"Yes; but he declared that he pardoned in you what he should not pardon in others, on account of your youth, which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter smile. "He has certainly given me a good lesson—for I shall never trust mortal man again. I would have staked my life on his honor; and after all, you see, he was like the rest—inconsistent, boastful, cruel. I wish you joy, Clementina; but if any man had deserted *you* to marry *me*, I should have such a poor opinion of his honor, or his faith, that I should certainly decline to accept the sacrifice."

"He has loved me from the very first."

"Then he had an odd way of showing his affection. I thought, at one time, that he actually disliked you, and regretted it exceedingly."

Lina was not trying to retaliate; she was only speaking the simple truth, candidly, according to her wont. It had been a great trouble to her at one time, to see how much Mr. Carthen shrank from Clementina, and she could not bring herself to credit that he had made a pretence of dislike which was not called for, and was certainly concealed from all as much as lay in his power. Anyhow, whatever art had subjugated him, he belonged to Clementina now.

Had Lina been older, and less frank, she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured. But she was only a child still; a loving, truthful, candid creature, who had never known sorrow before, and could not smile when she felt inclined to weep.

We know the cruel part her sister was playing—we know, too, how she had won, by fraud and artifice, the position she boasted of to Lina; but Lina had no such knowledge, and her pride, and her love were both wounded by the fact of Lady Clementina's engagement to Mr. Carthen.

"If I could only get away," she thought. "They will both laugh when they see me looking pale; and how must I bring back the color to my cheeks? I feel so sad—I cannot help looking sad—and it is so terrible, at eighteen, to have no hope, no pleasure in one's life. If I were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already, I know, by the wistful way in which I often find him looking at me. Mamma sees nothing; and she is so proud of Clementina,, she would be sure to think her in the right. What must I do? Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were answering Lina's passionate thought.

"Never!" was the reply, spoken the more vehemently that Lina hardly trusted her own resolution.

"I do not know what else you can do."

"I can remain as I am."

"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"How?"

"Mr. Carthen could not help seeing that you were keeping single for his sake; and though he loves me best now, seeing you so constant, he might come, at last to believe that he had made a mistake."

Lady Clementina could even appeal to Lina's feelings, after having wronged her so bitterly! But a woman who has no heart herself is always able to calculate her effect coolly on the hearts of others.

Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a corner, and seeing no way out of her difficulties, bent over the fire and let the tears fall on her clasped hands.

"You are to have the man you love; and I, who never cared for money or rank, so that I might only be happy, am to marry an old man, who has not even goodness to recommend him! It seems to me, Clementina, that you are to have everything, and I am to be utterly despoiled!"

"You will be a marchioness, child!"

"And the most miserable woman that ever breathed!"

"Not unless you choose. I am sure the marquis seems very kind."

"Is he kind to the poor?"

"I suppose so."

"Or to his servants?"

"You must ask them that question."

"Then why should he be kind to me?"

"That is quite a different thing——"

"Not at all," interrupted Lina, vehemently. "It is by these things that you find out a man's real disposition. A merciful man is even merciful to his beast."

"I don't suppose the marquis is different from other men, Lina; there are great allowances to be made for him. His first wife died early, and he has never had children to care for him, or a living creature to feel for his loneliness. With a young wife, he would, no doubt, be a different man altogether; and I am sure he seems entirely devoted to you and your interests."

"I don't want his devotion," said Lina, petulantly. "He is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"What does that signify?"

"You would think it signified, Clementina, if he was going to be your husband."

"I don't believe I should. I consider it a great advantage for such a young person as you to have a husband older and wiser than yourself."

"What could I and the marquis have in common? Supposing I loved him dearly—and I hate him!—I could but grieve at such short happiness as I could only look for with a man of seventy."

"I don't believe he is seventy."

"Then he is very near it, Clementina, for his hair is as white as snow."

Clementina was in earnest. It was necessary that Lina should marry the marquis, under any circumstances; and the poor child, desperate with her sorrow and shame, was very malleable material in the other's hands. She held out still; but Lady Clementina was not discouraged, and returned to the attack.

"His hair being gray," she said, "can be of no consequence."

"It's quite white," interrupted Lina.

"Well, then, white. Nothing looks more venerable."

This last adjective was a mistake, and Lady Clementina was conscious of that fact, when Lina, caught her up sharply.

"Why should it be necessary for my husband to be venerable, when I am only eighteen?"

"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for you are ignorant of the world and its ways, and need some one near you who is better informed than yourself."

"And so I am to marry a man of seventy?"

"You seem to dwell a good deal upon the age of the marquis."

"Of course; so would you. How could he sympathize with me in any of my tastes and pursuits? What real union could there ever be between a young girl just commencing life, and a man of his age?"

Clementina touched the fender with the toe of her satin boot impatiently, and brought all the fire-irons rattling to the ground. Lina, whose nerves were in an irritable state, from over excitement, uttered a faint shriek.

"Don't be so absurd!" said Clementina, angrily.

"I thought it was some one coming," sighed Lina.

"And supposing some one had come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare say."

"I would rather see an ogre than the Marquis of Dawford."

If Lina had been less generous, how easily she might have retaliated! As it was, the idea never struck her to remind Clementina how she had once pined and sickened for the self-same cause.

"Mr. Carthen said, to-night, he was sure you would not marry the marquis," said Clementina, slowly. "So it seems as if he knew the extent of his own influence. In any case, he advises that you should be sent away before our wedding, as he fears you would make a scene at the ceremony, and render us all ridiculous."

"He need not be afraid," said Lina, almost choking with passion and shame. "I will take care not to spoil the proceedings by any inconvenient display of feeling."

"We shall both be so dreadfully nervous. You have never been taught to control yourself, Lina; you know that."

"I can learn, anyhow."

"I quite agree with Mr. Carthen that if you could be comfortably settled before, it would be a great thing for you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you both for your kind suggestion." And then she added, in a voice tremulous with such rage as Lina had never felt before in all her life, "I may, perhaps, take his advice, and settle comfortably, as he terms it; but if I do, mind this, Clementina—you are my sister, and I will always welcome you to my house; but when you come, come alone. And now I am tired and sleepy, and it is close upon twelve o'clock. Good night."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SPIRIT'S SECOND VISIT.

When old Mark heard his son's account of his strange adventure in Lansdown Wood, he was greatly puzzled and somewhat frightened.

"It seems odd what Tommy Wilson could have been doing there. But there is one thing quite clear—he knows of Flax's fate, and probably it was he who took the body up, in order that the murderer might be found out."

"I wonder he had sense enough."

"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."

"It seems as if they was. I don't half like the look of things, father, I can tell you that."

"Nor I, but we must take our chance. I don't see what there is to bring us in."

"There's no telling; Joe would do anything to save himself."

"Ah, that's true! He's a sneak and a coward both, and when you get the two together you may look out for everything that's bad. And the worst of it is, you have offended him."

"I'd scorn to be friends with such as him, father."

"You was once."

"Before I knew him. I thought he had had an accident, the same as Master Herbert had, there's no doubt, and I never knew any worse until of late."

"What opened your eyes?"

"His manner of life, father; his cruel, sly, wicked ways. Then I seemed to see that night in a different light, and remembered now he had turned right round to fire, and how his aim was straight at the other's heart. A wounded man may tell tales—a dead man is quiet forever."

"You may depend that was his thought."

"There's no doubt about it."

After this the two men relapsed into moody silence, as if neither dared tell the extent of his fears. When breakfast was over, Nat started, as usual, in search of work. As usual, he returned at dusk, disappointed; even more, bitterly pained and annoyed. As he passed through the village, the only eyes that met his willingly, the only lips that gave him greeting, were those of the widow, Mary Flax.

She came out on her door-step, looking thin and white, but anxious evidently to make her welcome as conspicuous as possible to all her neighbors.

"How do you do, Nat? and what is old Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now."

Nat felt almost ashamed to face this woman whom his silence wronged, so he said, with rather a penitent air, "Father's lost his work at Mr. Lowe's. Hasn't any one told you."

"No; come in."

Nat stepped just inside the door, reluctantly, and she closed it sharp upon him.

"I want a word with you. Do you know what folks are saying?"

"No."

"They are saying that you killed my Jim."

"Who says so?" inquired Nat, with sudden fierceness; "who dared father that lie?"

"That is what I want to know. I've got my suspicions, only I keep quiet, you see, because it's best. If I hold my tongue and watch, I shall have him yet."

"Who shall you have?"

"Ah!" she said, "that is my secret. And mind you, Nat, my words to you this day are not to go an inch beyond those four walls. You understand? Keeping quiet is my only chance, only I wanted you to know that I trust you perfectly, and haven't any thought of your being the man. I'll work to get the real murderer convicted, and I've a feeling that it will come right in the end. So that even if they was to take you to prison, you'd know I was busy trying to bring it home to *him* (I won't say who), and that he should take your place on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

Nat shuddered.

"They wouldn't convict me," he said, with a confidence he did not feel.

"The lawyers can do anything," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't meddle; it only wants time."

"If they take me up, I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth," said Nat. "I wouldn't take a friend's sin on my shoulders, much more an enemy's."

"Nat," she said, solemnly, "if you know anything, I beseech you to speak at once. To-morrow it may be too late."

"Look here, Mary!" he said, in an earnest tone, "I know that you'll believe better than that I raised my arm against your husband, even to strike him. He was doing his duty, and he was never harsh over it, as some are. He'd a right to be against me, and I knew it; and though I meant to get away, of course I never meant to harm him. But, you see, I was there, and saw what took place, and I might come in for it as well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turning informer."

"Not to save yourself, Nat."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."

"If that should be too late to do you any good?" she urged.

"Ah! it won't. Come, Mary, I've always said you were the bravest woman I had ever seen; you aren't getting a coward now by chance, are you?"

"Trouble has not done that yet. I can keep up until it is all over. I don't know what will become of me afterwards, and I shouldn't care either, if it wasn't for my little ones."

"They shan't want, all the while I'm living."

She looked at him earnestly.

"Nay," she said; "you'll have enough to do to keep your own children, some of these days."

"I doubt not, Mary."

"Why?"

"I shall wait until your little Mary is ready to marry," he said, with an attempt at playfulness; "and then she will laugh at me for an old fellow, and send me about my business, and that's how my wooing will end."

"Now's the time for you to go to wooing."

"Not with *that* hanging over me, and the old man wanting me at home; Mary. My hands will be full until it will be too late to think of such things, it strikes me."

Nat said no more, and there was nothing he ought to have counted upon in what she had said, and yet she had a more comfortable feeling about her children's future, somehow, than she ever had before. There are men whose lightest word is more valuable than another's oath.

Mary went back to her work, and Nat returned home. From old Mark's cottage you could see the Point, and Nat, standing on his door-step, lingering a little, saw a strange procession coming slowly out from under the trees. There were three men and a few boys, and something carried in their midst, fearful to think upon, still more fearful to see. He dashed open the door, and sprang through breathless.

"Pull down the blind, father," he exclaimed, "pull down the blind. They have found the body, and are going past."

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered the old man, sternly. "Do you want them to think we did it?"

"They think so now, father!"

"How do you know?

"Mary Flax told me they did."

"She doesn't accuse you?"

"I fancy she knows the truth, only she's keeping quiet in order to put him off his guard."

At this minute there was a dark shadow across the window. Nat sat down and covered his eyes.

"Tell me when they have passed, father."

A few seconds' silence, and then old Mark said, "They are gone now, lad."

"Who was with 'em—did you see?

"Lawrence was one; I didn't see any more.

"And Joe?"

"He might have been there, but if so, he stooped passing the window."

"He's as sly as a fox."

"I tell you what," said old Mark, rising to his feet and stretching himself; "sitting idle at home doesn't suit me. I'll go out with you to-night, if I live long enough. The fresh air and the excitement will do me a world of good. There's nothing so bad for a man as sitting moping at home. And we shall be starving again, if we don't take care."

"Perhaps we shall find supper ready for us again to-night."

"No such luck, Nat, you may depend. Such miracles as that only happen once in a way."

"We'll get off as soon as it is a little darker; shall we?"

"Ah! I'm ready at any moment."

"I expect they'll have enough to think about this evening, without looking after us," Nat remarked. "Only I don't see much use in going; we've no traps and no charge."

Old Mark pointed to something on the table, and chuckled.

"What is it?"

"Why, enough powder and shot for two charges, that's what it is."

"Where did it come from?"

"I scraped it out of the drawers. I'd nothing to do all day, and that amused me."

"I never thought I'd wasted so much."

"You see, lad, when people have plenty, they don't take no account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

"That's true," answered Nat; and opened the door and looked out. It was dusk now, and the trees on the Point threw out a mass of shadow, dense and black.

Nat drew in his head, shivering.

"It's time for us to start, father, if you are ready."

"Did you ever know me a minute behind when there was any sport going on?"

Mark shouldered his gun: they stirred a hare out of his seat as they walked, and it went scudding away in front of them; but old Mark would not fire—the issue was too doubtful, and his powder and shot too scanty to make it worth while.

But it was a hard effort to restrain himself.

"This is something like," said old Mark, drawing a deep, long breath. "It makes me young again when I get into the woods. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever come out here any more."

"Why not?"

"I can't tell; it's only a feeling I have. Look out, Nat."

"What is it?"

Nat had the gun now, and old Mark took it from him.

"I'm the best shot, he said; "let me fire."

"I wouldn't waste shot on a partridge, father; it isn't big enough for two."

"Nay," said old Mark; "that's as fine a pheasant as ever you saw. Whist, Nat, don't stir."

It was just light enough to see the bird rising on the wing, as if suddenly disturbed at roost by the sound of voices and steps.

Old Mark fired, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling his cheek.

He felt for it on the ground, and then took it up and thrust it into his pocket.

"No more firing now," he said; "we are sure of something for dinner to-morrow."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a sudden, stealthy hand was at his throat.

"Nat," gasped the old poacher, "why, what the deuce——"

"Leave go, father; you'll choke me," muttered Nat, confused and breathless.

"Silence!" exclaimed the stern voice of Lawrence, the keeper. "We have you fast now;" and before Nat could utter another word, he found himself helpless.

"What is this for?" he asked, presently, and tried to speak in a bold voice.

"For murder!"

"For murder!" echoed old Mark. "What, my lad?"

"Ay, Mark Greysome," answered Lawrence, "if you'd brought up your son different you would never have seen this sight. But as you sow so shall you reap."

"For murder!" repeated the old man, incredulously, yielding to a kind of dull despair. "I don't deny that I've learnt him to take a bird here and there, where he could get it; but as for killing a fellow creature, why the boy has such a tender heart, that he wouldn't heart a fly, knowingly."

"That he'll have to prove," answered Lawrence, who, naturally, would feel no sympathy for old Mark and his son after the trouble they had given him. "He'll be let loose, there's no doubt, if he can prove he has a right to be."

"I shall tell the whole truth, now I'm forced to it; and the real murderer will have to suffer, not me. I'm not afraid to meet the whole world face to face if it comes to that."

Then he turned upon his gaolers—dark figures, with dusky faces, whom he could not see sufficiently to be able to determine their identity.

"I know what I am taken for; but they can't say my father had anything to do with it, any how. Take me where you will, but let him go."

"No, no," said Lawrence, decidedly; "we caught him in the act, and it's time he was stopped at that game. A taste of prison fare will do him all the good in the world."

"Why, even prison fare would be a luxury to men who have gone days together without so much as a crust of bread. If he was out to-night, it was because we didn't know where to look for a mouthful of food on the morrow."

"That's a pretty tale!" said Lawrence, sternly. "I'll wager, if we was to go to your cottage, we should find the larder full."

"The other night, when we were dozing in our chairs, stupid with hunger, we woke to find our table laid with plenty; and on the rest of our meal last night we have fed to-day."

"I expect you laid it already before you went to sleep."

"I tell you we were starving. We had been turned out of our work, and had neither money nor bread in the house. I picked up a crust some woman had thrown out to the dogs, and this he ate thankfully; for no victuals of any sort had passed his lips for three whole days."

Lawrence laughed incredulously.

"I don't know what's to prevent a murderer from being a liar," he said. "It wouldn't be his conscience, I should say."

"I am neither a murderer nor a liar," said Nat; "and I never took a single thing that didn't belong to me, in all my life."

"You'll deny having been a poacher, now."

"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the sea, belong to me as much as they do to Lord Dacre, or Mr. Carthen, or any one else. God never meant such things for the rich alone; on the contrary, I believe they was sent as a provision for the poor."

"Perhaps you'll keep up the preserves, then, and pay me?" said Lawrence, jeeringly. "I don't see why you should have all the profit, and none of the pain."

This view of the case seemed to strike Nat clearly for the first time; and, being naturally candid, he said, almost involuntarily:

"I never thought about that. Of course it looks different, when you put it in that light. Anyhow, Master Lawrence, whatever me and my father have been before, I swear to you we was only poaching to-night to save ourselves from starving. We didn't know where to look for a meal to-morrow, or the next day, or any day after; for though I've been all over the country after work, no one would look at me. I'm sure, if Mr. Carthen knew the truth, he'd let him go. I'll go off to prison myself without a murmur; but father's an old man, and if you coop him up between four stone walls he'll just pine to death."

"Peace, lad!" said old Mark. "Where you can go, I can go. Only, I suppose, they won't be so good as to put us together — we who have never been parted a single night since the day you was born——"

His voice broke down a little here; but he rallied at once, and added, boldly, "I don't want to be let off, for it strikes me I should soon be creeping to the prison door, and asking to be let in, just for the sake of being in the same place as my lad was, but I won't have it said he told a lie to screen anybody; and so, if you'll go to the cottage, you'll find he wasn't only right when he said that there wasn't a scrap of food anywhere to keep us from starving."

"Very well, then; come along," Lawrence said. "If you have told the truth it may stand in your favor, for I don't expect they'll bring any charge against you except poaching."

"Who accuses my lad?" asked the old man, stoutly.

"You'll see," said Lawrence. "Come along."

They passed Lansdown Point in silence. A kind of awe crept over the men, a shuddering horror, as they caught, ever so dimly, more in imagination than in fact, the dark outline of the gaping grave. It was a relief to all when old Mark's cottage was reached.

Nat offered to show them where a light was to be found—though, with his manacled hands, he could not strike a match. But when the candle was placed on the table, a bitter cry of dismay broke from the lips of the two poachers.

A plentiful, even luxurious supper was spread out on the board daintily; knives, forks and plates laid for two, and mugs ready to hold the sparkling amber ale, with which the bottle was filled up to the neck.

"I tell you what," sneered Lawrence, "I don't care how often I starve, if this is the way you do it! You must have forgotten that your supper was set, Mark, I should fancy!"

In vain the two poachers explained and protested. It was, of course, so improbable that anyone should take the trouble to bring them food, and set it ready for their enjoyment, that it was hardly expected the keepers, and other men with them, should believe their account of the tale.

Nat did not care for himself. The charge of murder was one that could not be affected by the minor accusation, only as proving his character to be generally bad in the eyes of the jury; but he would fain have left his father behind.

They searched them both; and Lawrence, by right of his master, took possession of the pheasant, and called upon all the others to note that he had taken it off old Mark's person in their presence.

Lawrence was not inclined to be lenient. Human nature enjoys the petty vengeances that circumstances render easy. Many a night's rest had Lawrence lost through old Mark and his son; and for each one of these he paid his prisoners back in a jeer as to their famishing condition, or a more direct menace respecting Nat's future fate; which made old Mark, remembering his dream, feel as if the chill of death had well-nigh reached his own heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUPERSTITIOUS STRUGGLE.

There is an old superstition to the effect that if a light goes out unexpectedly, or you extinguish it accidentally, you must speak no word until you have relighted it. If there are no matches in the house, emulate Hippocrates until some are found and utilized, or fire and fearful troubles will follow. An incident of this kind occurred not long ago. A well-known ancient maiden lady, well up in all super-religious commandments and articles of faith, suddenly put out her odorous kerosene illuminator. Not a match was seen, not a spark of fire, as from parlor to kitchen she wended. What should she do? A mile to the nearest store and a quarter of a mile to her nearest neighbor's. She had just lighted her lamp to see about finding her sun-bonnet, that she might carry the news that she had just learned from a neighbor of a little unpleasantness between two other neighbors, when a gust of wind blew it out. She dared not speak; for who knew what might be the fearful result? Grasping a pencil, she rushed to the neighbor's, and on a huge piece of brown paper wrote in Brobdignagian characters the word "matches." Her face worked convulsively; her tongue protruded; she clasped one hand over her mouth. They implored her to speak, and the convulsions of her features were frightful to witness. She waved her hand hysterically. She wrote "matches" in characters of all sizes; and, at last, in letters which, had they been the sounds they represented, would have been stentorian, "I want matches!" They brought them to her, and she rushed back. The good friends were alarmed. Was she insane? Had she any unformed purpose of cremation? They followed her. The first match was damp and refused to ignite. A groan, a gasp, an invisible convulsion. The second lighted and went out before the wick was reached. The third broke off at the top. The fourth was a fraud and had no igniting principles. But the fifth burned steadily; and the struggle which had evidently been going on in darkness, the fearful spasm which might be hydrophobia, perhaps, passed off as the wick flamed up, and she hoarsely gasped out to her petrified and sympathetic neighbors who had followed her home, "They say Deacon Jones and Mrs. Jones are goin' to get a divorce." Could any deity demand greater sacrifice of a devotee than this good lady's offering at the shrine of the occult?

UNIVERSAL DISSATISFACTION.—How often do we see persons who wish to be taken for what they are not. The boy apes the man; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor envies the landsman's lot; the landsman, for pleasure, goes to sea. The business man who must travel from town to town, and from country to country, dreams of the day when he will be able to "settle down;" the man of sedentary habits grieves over the thought that he has to vegetate like a cabbage in one spot, and sighs for the time when he may travel. The town-bred youth hails, with joy, the morning in which he is enabled to get out where he can breath pure air and ramble among green fields; the country lad is all wonder and admiration when he first sees the rows of gas lamps taper away in perspective like beads of gold—and he is excited by the blaze of gas which pours from the windows on the road. Your fine musician would like to be a great painter, your wit a dignified philosopher, your philosopher a wit, able to set the table in a roar. Even an oyster, if we could enter into the feelings of an oyster, would wish to put forth fins and have a fine flexible tail, and sail abroad to see the world, while the traveled fish looks with an eye of envy on the oyster as one who lives without work—a fish of independent means who has got a fixed position and a good strong house of its own.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO REMOVE TATTOO MARKS.—Blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark; then keep the place open with a green ointment for a week; finally, dress it to get well. As the new skin grows, the tattoo will disappear.

TO RESTORE POLISH FOR MARBLE.—The best way of restoring the polish to a black marble chimney-piece is to cover it with a small quantity of oil, and after thoroughly rubbing it into the marble, to leave it for some hours, and afterwards polish it up with soft cloths or wash-leather.

TEST FOR GOLD AND SILVER.—A good test is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed piece of wood. Slightly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or silver, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black. Jewelers who purchase old gold often use this test.

TO REMOVE PAINT STAINS FROM GLASS WINDOWS.—It frequently happens that painters splash the plate or other glass windows when they are painting the sills. When this is the case, melt some soda in very hot water, and wash them with it, using a soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

PILLOWS long used acquire a disagreeable odor. The tick should be emptied and washed, the feathers put into a bag and exposed to the heat of the sun for several hours. If in the country where the old-fashioned brick oven is still in existence, it is a good plan to place the bag in the oven after the bread has been withdrawn.

FLORAL PYRAMIDS.—It is so easy to have beautiful objects about us that it is a pity to be without one. Take a soup plate or a pickle dish, and fill it with sand. Moisten the sand with water, and heap it to a cone, and then thrust into the wet sand flowers and foliage enough to cover the whole surface, and you will have, if you arrange it well, the most beautiful floral ornament that can be imagined. This is an excellent way for arranging short-stemmed flowers, or those whose petals are too soft to be tied without injury among stiffer ones. Or place in the centre of your soup plate a teacup, a child's mug, or a wine glass, in which insert a made bouquet, and then filling the plate about it with sand, proceed as above. This will give a better cone than the first method.

WET BOOTS.—What an amount of discomfort wet boots entail, to be sure; and how well we all recall the fretful efforts we have now and then made to draw on a pair of hard-baked ones which were put by the fire over night to dry. Damp and adhesive within, they are without stiff and unyielding as horn. The following simple device will rob the cold, wet barnyard of a slushy winter of half its promise of discomfort for the next morning: When the boots are taken off fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp and will rapidly absorb the last vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next night, draw on the boots and go happily about the day's work.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HON. BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER, LL. D., will accept our thanks for a copy of his Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the New Public Buildings, Philadelphia, July 4th, 1874.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia, "The Runaway Match," by Mrs. Henry Wood. As authoress of "East Lynne" her reputation is so widely known that a new work from her pen is sure to be acceptable to the novel-reading community.

Also, "Petersons' Counterfeit Detector and National Bank Note List," a reliable safeguard against counterfeit notes in banks, offices and stores. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month.

FORGOTTEN.

Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral winding on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave-clods will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

GOOD ADVICE.—At a recent marriage of a young lady the following advice was given to the bride by her father. We recommend its perusal and remembrance by newly married couples. They are truly "words of wisdom," and deserving to be framed in every household in the land: "Never talk *at*, but *to* each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or boisterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. Never find fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

THE blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied as the blindness of the eyes; and it is neither laughable nor criminal for a man to lose his way in either case.

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1821

Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 14, 1874.

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The Human Hive.
Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

NEXT WEEK!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

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PLIGHTED IN PERIL

will add to Mr. Morris' already high reputation among our readers, he being an old contributor to our columns, and also give fresh proof of our determination to keep the time-honored Post in the front ranks of Literary Papers, admitting no superiors and few equals.

1875.—ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the Post has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, *as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to club subscribers.* We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof; and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the Post, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing FORTY-EIGHT columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, POSTAGE PAID BY US, to any address, on the following terms:

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'LEARNT BY HEART.

BY A. H. H.

One beguiling and one beguiled,
A bearded man by a mere slim child;
Two blue eyes 'neath a scarlet hood,
Two forms under a tree in the wood.

Two blue eyes may beguile a king,
Golden hair is a dangerous thing,
And an artful glance oft seemeth shy,
Lure to attract a lover's eye.

Two names cut in the beech tree deep,
Two young hearts in a flutter keep;
Clasped hands lingering on the bark—
Was that a kiss or a whisper? Hark!

Who speaks low, with an earnest breath,
Speaks of a love that shall last till death;
Who looks down with a tearful eye,
Half with a smile, and half with a sigh?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose,
And the pupil at last the lesson knows;
Ever 'twas thus, and 'twill ever be,
When the world has forgotten both you and me.

WHO WAS IT?

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

And now, I have to tell you something that is just as strange as can be. I never have been able to reconcile it.

After my sister Lucinda and my brother Rufus married, there were only two grown children left in the family, John and I.

John was father's oldest son. He was twenty-four years old, and always had been strong and well until that summer when Rufus went on his own farm. Then John began to have a cough, and to seem weak and tired.

But he worked on, taking this thing and that for his cough, until winter. Then he seemed so ill that the doctor advised him not to expose himself to the bad weather; and so he gave up work, and appeared altogether exhausted. He sat in a chair by the hearth, reading, or leaning back and doing nothing but suffering; for it gave him the sideache dreadfully to cough so. Mother tried all kinds of things on him, but nothing seemed to help him at all.

I could see that father and mother were worried; but nothing much was said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to think of losing another. She never allowed but that John would be at work again in the spring.

About the middle of January a great thaw set in. The sun came out, warm and bright, and the ice began to melt, and the streams to run. Even the grass grew green along the edges of the paths and on the southern slopes. John seemed pretty well that day, and mother and I wanted to go over to Rufus's house; so we left my little sister Malvina to keep house, and started just before noon. You see, Rufus and Lucinda had their first baby, and mother had been trying for a week to get over and see it. It was a little girl, as fat as butter, and Lucinda said that she was going to call it Emmy, after ma.

It was about three o'clock when we started home. The sun was warm, and a beautiful balmy wind was blowing. There were brooks gurgling along the road-side, and the trees were all dripping. Just as we came in sight of the house, we saw Malvina out at the back among the poultry.

There was a little garden in front—some cherry trees in it, an apricot at the gate, and borders for old-fashioned flowers. The front door was open; and, plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, I saw my brother standing on the steps, looking down at the black, wet garden.

"Why, mother," I cried, "John ought not to be out so!"

"How?" asked mother, looking around.

But John had gone.

"Why, out on the doorstep," returned I, "and with neither hat or coat on."

"John *wouldn't* do anything so foolish as that," said mother, starting and hurrying on.

When we got home we found that John had just had a bad coughing fit, and sat by the fire, looking dreadfully bad.

"You shouldn't have gone out, John," said mother.

"I haven't been out, mother," said he, with a look of surprise.

"Haven't?"

"No."

"Why, Emmy thought she saw you."

"She didn't," he answered, "for I haven't been out of this room."

Now, when John was a little boy, he had contracted a bad habit of telling stories, and he had got many a whipping for it. When I heard him say that I didn't believe him. But I didn't contradict him, because I thought he didn't want to let out to mother that he had probably taken more cold.

Well, when spring came he wasn't any better. His cough was worse, if anything. But he seemed pretty strong; would go out in the porch on sunny days, and seem to feel better for the fresh air.

One beautiful day Malvina and I went Maying. Father said the woods were full of violets, and Mally was crazy to get some. We did enjoy it. The trees were all in a twitter with birds; the brooks ran as fast as they could leap over the stones, and the air was full of a thousand sweet scents. Well, we picked violets in plenty, and spent two or three hours in the woods. At last we started to come home.

Now the lilacs around the house had just begun to blossom. As we reached the stone wall opposite the house, I saw my brother John under the lilac bushes breaking off sprays of the flowers.

The wind had changed, and it was quite cool. Mally and I went round to the back door, because we were so muddy. There Ponto, the dog, jumped on me, and got my dress so dirty that I had to go and change it. I remember wishing that John wouldn't break off the lilacs, their scent came so pleasantly into my chamber window.

That evening John had a bad attack, and frightened us all very much. He seemed faint and deathly. We got him to bed, and he never left his room any more. We were up with him all that night. Towards morning he seemed better. I was sitting beside him when he looked around.

"Emmy," said he, "what do you suppose made me so bad?"

"You were out in the east wind yesterday afternoon," said I; "perhaps that's it."

"I wasn't out yesterday," he answered.

I thought he had been so ill that he did not remember.

Well, as I said, John never left his room after that day; but I thought that once he did.

It was in September. Mother and I were gathering flower seeds in the little garden; all the doors of the house were open; we could hear Mally singing about her work. Mother gathered the seeds, and I made them into little packages and marked them.

I looked up suddenly, and saw John on the front stairs, with his face towards us. He was looking quite happy—different from what I had seen him look for a whole year. He had on his dressing-gown and slippers, and carried a book in his hand.

"Why, mother," said I, "John is coming down stairs!"

She started and looked up; *and she saw him, too!*

"Why, John!" she cried, hurrying towards the door.

But she did not meet him. I followed her up-stairs. We opened John's chamber door. He sat in his arm-chair before the fire, his chin on his breast, quite dead. He still held a book in his hand, opened at a page the leaf of which had been turned down; and so easily had he died that the old gray cat, Charley, perched on his knee, had not been disturbed.

I have heard of what they call "seeing mediums" in these modern times. Perhaps I am one—I don't know. You may reconcile these things so. I have never been able to, at all.

ROSA'S GHOST.

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

"My dear Fred," said Uncle George, nearly emptying his snuff-box at one huge pinch. "You've either got to settle down or take the consequences. Marry, or give up all expectations of my money. Take a wife, sir—take a wife!"

"Whose wife shall I take, uncle?" blandly inquired Fred.

"Bah!" said Uncle George, frowning. "That's not original. Young Sheridan said that long ago. You've wasted your time and my money for several years now. Give up billiard-playing, and all that outrageous nonsense. Rosa Smith's a nice girl. Go for Rosa Smith."

A shade passed over Fred Marston's careless, handsome face.

"I *have* gone for Rosa Smith——"

"Well?"

"Rosa Smith's father showed a confoundedly inconvenient disposition to 'go for' me."

"What! Did he refuse to let you marry his daughter?"

"Decidedly. He called me a dissipated, rattlebrained dandy, and said he spurned the thought of trusting his daughter's happiness to me. Rosa cried, and I expostulated. No use."

"Humph!" exclaimed Uncle George, waxing red and wrathy. "The idea of a Marston marrying a Smith! I'd never have given my consent, that's certain. The presumption of some people! Why when I was employed in the Astor House, I often bought matches of Seth Smith."

"He's a self-made man," said Fred, maliciously.

"So am I, sir—so am I! I've blacked boots in my time—and that's more than old Smith can say. But I am going to Europe. While I am away, your allowance will be one-half the present sum. You must learn to be economical. You'll go to Philadelphia, and live in my house there until I come back. That will save something, for you'll not have to pay board."

"All right," said Fred, indifferently. All places were alike to him now. The bright dream that he had cherished was of the faded past. Rosa—gentle, blue-eyed Rosa—could never be his! There was no one to blame but himself. He had been reckless, extravagant, thoughtless, and his punishment had come.

In a few days, Fred said good-bye to his only living relation—selfish, inconsistent, good-natured Uncle George—and left New York for Philadelphia.

Uncle George's house was a stately structure on Walnut street. Fred, portmanteau in hand, eyed it thoughtfully.

"It's large enough for an orphan asylum," he cogitated. "I'd be lost in it. Happy thought! I'll rent it, and 'put money in my purse.' Uncle George will not be home for a year. I'll place it in an agent's hands at once."

* * * * * *

Mr. Seth Smith was a retired Wall street broker. With Mrs. Smith and his only daughter, Rosa, he was staying at the Girard House. The Smiths had concluded to move to Philadelphia; for since Fred Marston's departure, Rosa had drooped and pined in New York.

"Poor dear Rosa," sighed stout Mrs. Smith, while in her fan and rocking-chair she seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion. "Poor dear Rosa! I *do* hope change of scene will do her good. I *do* wish Mr. Smith, you hadn't been so hasty in sending away that young Marston. I *do* wonder where he is. Rosa—poor dear!—fancies he's gone and drowned himself. That girl, Mr. Smith, is going into a decline."

"She *is* becoming paler and thinner. I don't understand her at all. Girls are more uncertain than stocks. I wish I could find Fred Marston, I'd let him have her. I might make something of him if I took him in hand. By the way, Maria," continued Mr. Smith, "I've taken that house in Walnut street! I've leased it for one year."

In less than a week, the Smiths were domiciled in Uncle George's house. Fred took lodgings further up town.

* * * * * *

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1873.

DEAR NEPHEW.—I changed my mind about going to Europe. Instead of crossing the ocean, I have been spending two weeks at Long Branch, and there I met a lovely widow, with five children—an old flame of mine. I've married her, and am perfectly happy. Will be in Philadelphia next week. Of course, you've kept the Walnut street house in good order.

Yours, in haste, UNCLE GEORGE.

"By Jove! Here's a dilemma!" exclaimed Fred, desperately, as he read the above note. "That house has been rented only one month, and tenant has a right to hold it eleven more! What a fool I was to believe uncle would go to Europe! What an ass I was to rent the house! There'll be a dreadful row! I'll send Mr. What's-his-name's check back, and ask him to vacate the premises. Here's the check. 'Smith'—any relation to *her*, I wonder. What *can* I do."

Lost in perplexity, Fred strode up and down the room.

"I'll be a ghost," he exclaimed, at last. "There's no alternative. I'll haunt the place, and they'll have to leave. Smith's a superstitious name. Luckily I forgot to give up the key of their back garden. That key, a shirt and a dark lantern, and I'm a ghost!"

It was a moonlight night. The wire fence, hollyhocks and geraniums that comprised the Smiths back garden, lay in semi-darkness. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were seated on the steps of the porch grumbling at the quietness of Philadelphia. Suddenly, Rosa, with dilated eyes and disheveled hair, rushed towards them out of the gloom.

"I've seen *him*—I've seen *his* ghost! He's come back to haunt me!" she cried, covering her face with her hands, and knocking the segar out of her father's mouth.

"Gammon!" cried Mr. Smith, impatiently. "I wish he'd come and take you, and then we'd have some peace."

"Peace at any price!" cried a voice, from among the hollyhocks. "I have come, little Rosa!" And, throwing aside the sheet, Fred caught her in his arms.

* * * * * *

When his uncle arrived, Fred handed him Mr. Smith's check, and this somewhat mollified him, although he vowed that Fred's name should not appear in his will. But Fred cares very little for that, has he not Rosa to console him?

Besides, Mr. Smith has set him up in business, and he has begun an honorable and prosperous career.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 6.—TWO WHISPERS.

A certain number of days ago, my attention was directed towards a young man, of not altogether prepossessing appearance, who appeared to be waiting nearly opposite to my window for the coming of some other person. His countenance was expressive of vacant insipidity, his gait irregular, and his manner confused. His dress was nondescript, very effective, no doubt, but quite inappropriate either to business occupation or to the pursuits of legitimate pleasure.

He paced backward and forward, from corner to corner, with an air of self-satisfaction ludicrous to behold. Sometimes he stroked the corners of a very pale moustache, at others he bit the fingers of his curiously tinted gloves; and after waiting some time, I noticed that his step quickened, a sickly smile passed over his face, and he advanced with an extended hand towards a young lady who was approaching quietly.

A sweet little creature she was, too. Her innocent face wore a pleased expression, and she blushed a little as she recognized the man. She was by no means beautiful, but she was tastefully appareled. Her quiet dress contrasted strangely with his dandy gaudiness, and there was a quiet attractiveness in her bearing generally, which interested me very much. She could not have been more than sixteen, I think, and I looked from her to her companion. Were they lovers? If so, I pitied her exceedingly. She gave him her hand with a confiding smile—a dainty little hand it was. He raised it to his lips.

This act of gallantry convinced me of itself that there was something wrong. No gentleman would have attempted such a breach of etiquette in the public street.

They passed from my sight together, and I could not resist the notion that their meeting was a secret one—that her friends knew nothing of her acquaintance with this Adonis, towards whose face her eyes turned lovingly. I was sorry for her, and wondered how it would all end. Would she discover her error, or did she love him despite all obstacles; and was it in his power to make her happy?

A few hours later they passed my window again. The same quiet confidence seemed to exist between them. He had evidently exerted his utmost power of fascination. Her hand rested upon his arm, and she was listening intently to his conversation. They parted at the spot where they had met, and his last words were uttered in that peculiar whisper which is so much more easily overheard than the ordinary tone of voice. I caught the following words:

"*Remember, darling, Wednesday, at eleven. The —— depot.*"

Was it an elopement he was planning? I thought so. She was confused, but I saw that she assented to his desire, and was loth to part from him then; but at last she tore herself away and walked thoughtfully down the street, turning once round and blushing very much when she saw that he was watching her retreating footsteps.

Wednesday, at eleven! This was Monday evening. But, after all, why should the assignation interest me? What had I to do with it, except that I had much sympathy with the girl when I noticed the gratified, selfish satisfaction with which he passed rapidly in an opposite direction.

There is a strange fatality about coincidences. The next morning being Tuesday, I had an appointment "up town," and, as I usually do on such occasions, I took the street cars.

Having business on hand, I had quite forgotten, for the time, my interest in the couple I had seen the day before.

My thoughts, in fact, were very wandering ones. They always are during these short journies, for the number of strange people, the variety of individual taste expressed in their approval, and the curious remarks and snatches of broken conversation (which all the passengers must overhear), help to create a sort of chaos in my mind and send me dozing physically and mentally.

Upon entering the car I was followed by two ladies, who seated themselves opposite to me and thus attracted my attention.

One of these ladies was past the middle age, and a widow, apparently. The other was some years her junior, but her face wore a patient air of resignation and composure, which led me to judge that she also had lost her husband several years.

Her face seemed to be strangely familiar to me. Yet to the best of my knowledge, we had never met before. Where could I have seen that face?

She whispered something to her friend which I did not overhear; a fragment of conversation which had been interrupted by entering the car probably. Then she was silent a moment, and afterwards (still addressing her friend) she made a second remark, and I heard these words quite plainly:

"*Uneasy about Ethel—frequently—in the evening.*"

The words made no impression upon me at the moment, but they occurred to me a short time afterwards. I think the words impressed themselves upon my mind at the instant of my recognition of the lady's features.

There was a strong resemblance between this lady and the young girl I had scrutinized the evening previously.

This lady was her mother, possibly. Could the child indeed be Ethel upon whose account anxiety was expressed?

In that possibility, was it my duty to interfere?

The next words made me more certain that Ethel and my heroine were the same person.

"She will leave for the country tomorrow. I hope the change will do her good. Her aunt has promised to take charge of her for a few weeks."

I felt that I must speak then. It occurred to me that if I had a daughter who had formed a secret attachment to a man like the one I had seen last night, I should look upon the information as an act of great kindness. I might be wrong. I must use great caution, then there could be no harm resulting from word of mine.

"Pardon me," I said, "is your daughter a young lady of some sixteen years, and does she sometimes wear—" (here I described the dress of the young girl).

The lady looked at me for a moment in blank astonishment, and being apparently satisfied with her scrutiny, she answered, "yes."

"She will leave the city from the —— depot?" (naming the depot the young man had appointed yesterday).

The lady answered "yes" again.

"Pardon me. I have good reason for asking these questions," I continued. "Was the date and time of her departure fixed by yourself or by the young lady?"

The person addressed evidently thought me insane, but she answered my question, and her answer gave me the clue I needed.

"My daughter remarked last evening that she would like to visit her aunt tomorrow, and that, with my permission, she would leave by the morning train. The invitation has been standing some time. I was to have accompanied my daughter. Unfortunately, I am called to a distant city upon business this afternoon."

"I think I shall induce you to postpone your journey," I remarked. "Will you mind answering me one more question? Has the young lady any male friend? I mean, is there any young gentleman she meets by an appointment, having your permission to do so?"

"Certainly not," said the lady, indignantly. "My daughter is much too young to accept any attentions from gentlemen."

Then I described to her the meeting I had witnessed with the languid and gorgeously gotten up Adonis. I spoke of his manner toward the young lady, and of the appointment he had made with her.

"You are mistaken," said the matron, *frigidly*. "The young lady was not Ethel."

I had partly expected this, and yet I was morally certain that previous to our conversation the lady had said to her friend:

"I am growing quite *uneasy about Ethel.* Do you know she *frequently* leaves home upon all manner of excuses *in the evening.*"

And she had admitted to me that this same Ethel would leave town *alone* on the *Wednesday* morning from the —— *depot*, and that my description of her was the correct one.

Good breeding, of course, should have prompted me to apologize for the interruption, and make no further remark whatever, but I was so convinced that the young lady had no intention of visiting her aunt, but that she did intend to elope with the cavalier of yesterday, that I sacrificed the point of etiquette and returned to the attack.

Suffice it to say that I induced my traveling companion to postpone her journey until the next day (but to leave her home as at present arranged and remain at her friend's house); further, I obtained her promise to be at the —— depot at the hour fixed for her daughter's departure, and I promised to arrange for some place where she could see without herself being seen.

I succeeded in doing this, and, of course, the reader knows the sequel. The languid Adonis, in the extraordinary costume, was standing on the platform. Presently the young lady joined him, and he took charge of the little baggage she carried with her. She burst into tears, but he quickly re-assured her. After a time he would have handed her into the cars, but the now nearly distracted mother rushed from her concealment, and the girl fell fainting into her arms.

The youth disappeared promptly, but he was unearthed days afterwards. He was one of a worthless, dissipated set. He "intended to marry the girl," he said, and then to "come upon her friends" for a new start in life. Happily, his designs were frustrated by the coincidence attending two whispers.

Ethel, poor child, was inconsolable at the loss of her "own true love," but she will learn wisdom in time, and when she finds her true love in reality, she will thank me for my window scrutiny and for what followed it.

She will teach her children to avoid incautiously formed acquaintanceships, and relate to them how narrowly she escaped falling into the toils of a schemer, whose self-introduction, in the first place, was an impertinent insult, and whose flattery was vile.

PROGRESS OF AN INVENTION.

Those only who have tried the experiment are at all able to understand the nature of the difficulties, and the number of discouragements, which cross the path of a new invention. The less it resembles anything already known, the less likely it is to obtain favor. Once in a hundred times, a novelty, at a single bound, leaps to the summit of popularity. This is an exceptive case. The other ninety-nine have to toil up the steep ascent, and they meet with many a slip, many a fall, many a failure. Why is this? Because it often happens that principles are right, whilst practice is wrong. Because many who ask advice, never intend to follow it. Because there are so many who think if they do one thing better than their neighbors, they can do everything equally well. Inventors are, of all men, the most liable to mistake their vocations. Some use their hands instead of their heads. Others take the opposite course; trusting entirely to their heads, and doing nothing with their own hands, nor, what would be still better, directing the hands of others. This is not the worst that can be said. There are many who never know when to stop, spoiling many a good thought, and making a jumble of many an original idea, by efforts for their improvement. These are the mere schemers, who have no very exact conceptions of their own, and who, therefore, find great difficulty in imparting correct views to others.

News of Interest

ONE of the bridesmaids at a recent Covington (Kentucky) wedding was the grandmother of the bride.

A MACHINE for removing ice and snow from the streets by means of superheated steam is one of the latest inventions.

A VIRGINIA paper laments that the raccoons are gradually but surely dying out in that State. One by one the raccoons fade.

IT is said that the most dilapidated things to be seen in Chicago are the omnibuses. These venerable relics date before the fire.

A PARIS paper says that forty-five thousand bullfinches have their eyes put out every year in France, in order to make them sing.

THE opera house burnt in Baltimore was the eighty-fifth theatre destroyed by fire in this country. Baltimore had previously lost four.

AMONG the fashionable trimmings devised by milliners for the coming season, are the heads and breasts of domestic pigeons of various colors.

THE *Woman's Journal* holds that it is not lying for a woman of forty to swear that her age is twenty-eight, providing that she is looking for a husband.

THE longest name ever inflicted upon a child in Massachusetts was "Aldebarontiphoscofornia"—twenty-three letters! The girl afterwards became the wife of a Boston merchant.

QUEEN VICTORIA has twenty-two living grandchildren, including the son of the Duchess of Edinburg, whose birth is announced by cable. Three other of her grandchildren have died.

A NEW treaty with Germany is spoken of as being desirable to protect German citizens of this country being compelled to perform military duty on revisiting the country of their nativity.

THE London *Saturday Review* says that chloral hydrate is used to a large extent in England to produce sleep, and that its effects are most injurious to the brains and nervous system of those who use it habitually.

LONDON recently had a barmaid show, at which there were twenty-six competitors. The award of the prizes was made by the visitors, each of whom had a vote. One of the competitors was a substantial Hebe, weighing five hundred and eighty pounds.

PROF. PEIRCE is trying to frighten people by showing that the speed of the earth's revolution is gradually being retarded by the moon's influence upon the tides, so that the days and nights will some time become a month long. It is hardly worth while to lay awake nights on account of it, as a thousand million years must first elapse.

THE great central plain of California for six months of the year is a scorched and dust-swept desert. In April it becomes one flower bed, nearly four hundred miles long and thirty wide, set under a range of snow mountains. A traveler writes of it: "Go where I would—east, west, north, south—I was still surrounded by flowers, which closed over my feet at every step, as if I were wading in water."

THE observation and study of fourteen years have brought a distinguished Spanish savant to the conviction that the sap in growing vegetation not only has the same ebb and flow as the tides of the sea, but that these sap tides correspond exactly in point of time with the ocean tides. The practical view of this curious discovery is that trees felled at low tide make far more durable timber than those cut at flood; and the ebb is also the time for pruning to the best advantage.

GERMANY, it is stated, is about discontinuing the use of bronze guns. At a recent trial at Bruck, in Hungary, between Austrian bronze guns and the new Krupp cast-steel guns, the latter made 1,252 hits and the former only 212 hits, at 2,700 paces. This result is said to have sealed the fate of the bronze guns, so far as the ordnance of the German army is concerned. With Krupp guns on land and sea, and the dreaded torpedo in use against iron-clads, a new force will be added to modern warfare.

OWING to the inducements held out by the Canadian authorities, many European immigrants, especially from the United Kingdom, go to Canada with the view of making it their home. From the facts obtained by the Bureau of Statistics it is evident that large numbers become dissatisfied with that country and obtain homes in our Western States. Even of the Mennonites, who are leaving Russia to avoid military service, nine hundred and twenty-nine males and five hundred and seventy-six females left Duluth for Manitoba during the last quarter.

A NOVEL street car has been put in use in San Francisco. It is built somewhat in the shape of a balloon, and has ample seating capacity for fourteen persons. The car revolves on the wheels and saves the necessity of having a turntable, and can be turned with ease, so that in case the street is blockaded, the driver can turn back at once on his return trip. The expense of a conductor will be saved on these cars, passengers dropping their fare in a box near the driver. The front is so arranged that the driver can sit down or stand at will. The car is a novel contrivance, is quite light, rides easy and comfortable, and will probably be sought for more than the cars at present in use, as they cannot be overcrowded.

STEAM POWER.—Some statistics compiled by the Prussian Statistical Bureau seem to show that our country is really one of the foremost nations in the world in the use of steam. Thus in stationary engines the comparison stands: United States, 40,191 engines, 1,215,711 horse-power; England, 40,000 engines, 936,405 horse-power; France, 27,041 engines, 325,507 horse-power. We also lead in locomotive engines, viz.: United States, 14,223 engines; Great Britain, 10,933; France, 4,933. Total steam engines, both stationary and locomotive, 3,800,000 horse-power in the United States, and 3,300,000 in Great Britain. It is only in ocean steamers that we are behind, viz.: Great Britain, 3,061 steamers, 2,624,431 tonnage; United States, 403 steamers, 483,040 tonnage; Germany, 225 steamers, 171,039 tonnage. Before 1880 the account will stand very different in ocean steamers. But in the meantime on land we are indisputably supreme in steam power, being 500,000 horses ahead of England.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY MARIE.

Once upon a time, when the plants had voices, and could talk like people, there lived a little boy and his sister, with their father and mother, in a beautiful valley by the side of a high mountain. One morning, when it was almost winter, the dear father said to his little son:

"Let us go to the great forest to-day, to bring home fuel for the winter fires, before the cold snow covers the broken branches."

So the little boy kissed his little sister and followed his father into the forest. The father bound a bundle of faggots and put them on his son's back, and fastened them so that they might not fall off.

"Go now, my son," said he, "follow the path straight to your home; turn neither to the right nor left, and beware that you break no living wood, for the rose has told me that the wicked brownies have come to fight the flower fairies; and although the good father will not, I hope, permit them to prevail, yet, if you give them any excuse, they may do you a great injury."

So the little son promised to give good heed to the father's words, and started on his way; but it soon grew dark, and he could not see the path, so that he turned aside and stumbled over a young tree, and broke it.

Now, the darkness was not of night, you must know; but the wicked brownies held their hands before his eyes so that he might lose the path, and that they might get him into their power.

When the poor boy saw what he had done, (for it became light as soon as the young tree was broken,) he looked up and saw the hateful brownies standing around, watching him to see him get angry. He was terribly frightened and grieved, as you may think; "for," said he, to himself, "I may never see my pleasant home and dear sister again."

Then he remembered that he had once heard his dear mother say, that if one who is in the hands of the brownies, through some accident, is careful to do no wicked or cruel thing, although the brownies treat him very unkindly, they must let him go free after a time, and can do him no permanent injury.

So he said to himself: "I will do no wrong thing to please them, let them treat me ever so badly;" and he earnestly hoped that some good fairy would pass that way and help him.

"Come," said a brownie, trying to look very kind, which was so strange a thing that he did it very badly, "I will show you where there are flowers growing, whose blood will cure the young tree, and then you can go home to your mother with your faggots. Come, her fire has gone out for the want of wood, and your father's dinner will not be done, and he will faint with hunger. You have only to bind up the broken tree and rub the wound over with the blood of the flowers, and it will soon be well. Come," said he, beginning to get angry, "there is no time to lose."

"No," said the boy. "I will not take the lives of the poor flowers, not even to make the tree well again;" for he saw the violets weeping at the words of the cruel brownies, and heard them beg of him to be patient, saying, "We have sent the wind-flower fairy to Elfland, to our queen, to beg of her to come to your help."

When the brownies heard him say that he would not go with them, they began to pull his hair, and pinch him, and bite him, and push him about, and try in every way to make him angry. But the violets and harebells kept saying: "Only be patient; she will surely come;" and he was patient, and thought of his father and mother, and dear little sister, and would not get angry in spite of anything that they could do.

Soon he heard the sound of wings; and, looking up, he saw the queen of Elfland and Court come sailing through the air, and his heart was glad. But when the queen came near, she trembled and turned pale, for she saw that the king of the brownies was before her. So she called for her cloak of moonlight that makes the wearer invisible; and, having put it on, she slipped in among the brownies and kissed the little boy, and immediately he was changed into a beautiful rose tree.

When the brownies saw that they had lost their prey (for they have no power over a plant that blooms), they were terribly enraged, you may be sure; and the king called out: "The queen of Elfland is here and has done us this despite!"

And he ordered his subjects to try and grasp her in their hands; for although she might not be seen, yet she might be felt, which startled the poor queen so that she fled away and quite forgot to give the poor rose tree the gift of speech.

When the father came home, the mother asked for the little boy.

"Did he not come home with a bundle of faggots to cook my dinner?" asked the father.

"No," said the mother, "he had not been here since he followed you into the forest. I fear the wild beasts have eaten him!" and she wrung her hands and wept.

"No," said the father, "I fear the brownies have carried him away. They are out in the forest, and their king with them, to battle with the fairies. Give me a cup of milk, for I am faint with grief and hunger, and I will go and find him if I can."

So the father went to look for his dear son, and the mother and sister wept at home.

The father followed the path until he came to the place where the boy had turned out of it; and there he saw the broken tree.

"Alas, alas!" said the father, "the wicked brownies have carried away my son; and I shall never see him again. Here is his bundle of faggots, at the foot of a rose tree!" And he wept sore.

When he had told the mother and sister they wept with him, and would not be comforted. Every day the sister took her knitting and sat by the bundle of faggots, at the foot of the rose tree, and was comforted in spite of herself and sang sweet songs.

In the meantime, the king of the fairies had fought the king of the brownies, and had driven him back to his old place in the bowels of the earth, and the flower-fairies tended their flowers in peace. One day the queen remembered the boy that she had saved from the brownies, and called for her chariot to visit the rose tree.

"For," said she, "if it withered away and was ungrateful for my help, I will change it back into the boy again and let him go. But if I find it blooming and beautiful, I will give him a good gift."

So the queen rode through the air, on a road made of a sunbeam; and at the end of her journey, she found the rose tree full of flowers, although the snow lay on them. She was very much pleased, and touched it with her sceptre; and the boy stood before her, and began eagerly to thank her for her kindness.

"Go," said she, "because you are good and loving and have a thankful heart, I give you the will and power to please, and the love of all." With these words she passed from sight and was gone.

I need not tell you how the father and mother rejoiced when their boy came back, nor how the sister wept with joy as she had wept with grief before. You can think what a good gift was the fairy blessing. But, because there are no good fairies to give good gifts to us now, all children must be very good and kind, very unselfish and obliging, that they may please all, and be beloved as was the dear good boy.

THE LAND OF BACKWARDS.

BY W. C. AIKEN.

As Prince Goet was riding one day up a mountain-road, he came to the statue of a horse, so perfectly cut out of stone that he was seized with a strong desire to mount it. He thought it a ridiculous desire, but seeing nobody to laugh at him, he tied his own horse by the bridle, and sprang on the stone horse's back. The instant that he touched the saddle the stone horse rose in the air, and passing with the swiftness of lightning over mountains and valleys, and even the sea, finally came to an island, where he landed the prince, half dead with terror.

The prince looked all about him, but saw nobody; but as the sun beat down fiercely, he hurried towards a little grove that was just ahead of him, and sat down in the shade, but, to his surprise, the sun beat down on him as before. He walked out from under the trees towards a bare spot to learn what was the meaning of this, and getting there, struck his head violently against what he felt was a great tree trunk, though the trees still seemed to stand where he saw them first.

"A very queer country," said Goet to himself.

Just then he spied a party of monstrous men coming towards him. They looked so horrible that he ran away from them with all his might; but instead of getting away from them, he ran plump into them, and almost knocked his brains out on one of their clubs.

One of the men picked him up in his large fingers.

"Here is a new kind of monkey," said he; "I will take him home." And throwing him up in the air, Goet found himself in the large man's pocket.

He then observed that they went ahead by walking backwards, and understood he ran at instead of away from them.

On getting home, the big man poked Goet very far down in his pocket, and in this way took him out.

Goet was very thirsty, and seeing a cup of water, tried to drink it, but the more he brought it to his lips, the further he put it away from him. By-and-bye he thought to put it away from him, and doing it quick, brought the cup up against his lips with such a smack, that the water splashed all over him.

"What a curious monkey is this!" said the big men one to another. "He does everything backwards."

"I think *you* do everything backwards," thought Goet.

Then they got a pole, and called all the people together.

"We have found a wonderful monkey," said they. "See him eat."

And they gave Goet some meat, which he found the same trouble as with the water.

"See," said they, "when he tries to eat, he puts food towards him, instead moving it away from him, so he cannot eat at all. Now, see him walk! Come to this pole, monkey. Do you see, when he tries to come, he walks towards the pole, instead of away from it, and yet he understands all we say, and can answer us."

Then all the other big men and women were greatly astonished, and they said to their children: "See, now, you ought never to be discontented; you might be a wretched creature like this, and do everything backwards."

"It is you who do everything backwards!" screamed Goet, in a passion.

But they only laughed, and kept him walking about and trying to eat and drink till he was tired out. Then they brought him a bed, but he could not get near it, till he remembered to walk away from it; and, after he had got up to it the more he tried to lie down on it the more he stood; till he thought to jump up in the air, when down he came, flop on the bed.

Then he shut his eyes to go to sleep, but he was wider awake than ever, till he opened his eyes, when he fell asleep in a moment.

And now you are wondering how he ever got out. Well, this is the way: he opened his eyes, and found his horse standing near him on the mountain, and all his limbs aching from sleeping on the ground. The country of Backwards was only a dream.

How to Dispose of Suspicious Attentions.—"Oh, you dear creatures!" cried the Sparrows to the Chickens, who had just begun their corn; "we couldn't rest without coming to see you; it seems such ages since our last visit!"

"Thank you, friends," said a cute young Chick; "I'm sure we are greatly obliged to you; and, as you are so deeply interested in us, it is only right to tell you that if you would come to inquire after us at any other than *feeding time* (which we notice you always choose for your visits), it would be much more to our profit, and, of course, to your *disinterested* satisfaction."

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future; the wise work for both, for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

"HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A Young Wife's Song.

BY BERNI.

My cottage home is all'd with light
The long, long summer day,
But, ah! I dearer love the night,
And hail the sinking ray.
For eve restores to me one whose smile
Doth more than morning's match—
And life afresh seems dawning while
His hand is on the latch!

When autumn's fields are thick with sheaves,
And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
Along our trellis'd wall—
I dreaming sit—the sleepy bird
Faint twittering in the thatch—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day:
And his true heart I know is mine,
Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch—
Then patiently till eve await
His hand upon the latch!

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

The speakers were Ned and Moll.

"What did you want with me?" he whispered. "The boy has not been seen again?"

"No," she returned, in the same scarcely audible murmur. "But the master is away to-night. He went up to Albany to-day, and will not be back till to-morrow evening."

"Ha! the devil. Who is in the house?"

"No one but the lady and her daughter in one room, the nurse and the little ones in the next, and the governess above stairs. The butler and other servants sleep in the outer wing above the kitchen."

"And you?"

"In the nursery. But I'm so tired staying here, Ned. I want you to do what you are thinking of to-night, so that I can come home. I've left the basement window, first on the right hand side, open on purpose. You and Jerry can get in. I've told you exactly where the cabberuet stands. The gas 'll be burnin' low."

"Yes; but suppose the woman and the child wake up and begin to screech, as one or both of them would be likely to do? The house will be alarmed in a flash."

"Put 'em to sleep with chloroform. Mrs. Leslie keeps it on her mantle."

"By jove, it is the only way. I'll bring a bottle in my pocket, too, to make sure. But hark! Did you not hear something?"

"No."

"Well, you had better go in. I'll try about three o'clock."

The man turned away with that, and stepped so close to the boy's hiding-place that his boot grazed the latter's arm.

A moment, after Ned's footsteps had died away. Walter put his head cautiously out, though it was very dark, but neither seeing nor hearing any one, he got up, shook the straw from his clothing, and moved away. His small head was bewildered in the extreme. He wandered around quite objectlessly to the front of the house again. Scarcely a light was to be seen through the closed blinds and heavy curtains.

Against a lamppost across the street, the boy saw a policeman, who had paused for a moment in his rounds. Limited as was his information, he had long since learned what they were for. He stood for a while evidently thinking, and at last moved cautiously over.

The man did not see him, and he touched him on the arm.

"If you please, sur, them two is goin' to kill the lady, and steal all the diamants over at the big house there, at three o'clock. She, inside, has done left the window open for them to git in. I heerd them a talkin' round at the back o' the house just now."

The policeman stared about him, scarcely believing that he had been spoken to by the very small urchin at his side.

"Eh! what. What is it you are telling me?"

The boy repeated his story in an excited whisper. The man was at first disposed to think the child mad, or that he had wandered out from somewhere in a passing delirium. But his earnestness at length made an impression.

"Come," said the policeman, "if you are telling the truth you will not have to sleep in the streets any longer. If you are not, I'll owe you a flogging for putting me to trouble. Anyhow, I'll not lose sight of you."

He took him by the neck of his coat, and trotted him on to the nearest station house. At first he was speechless with terror at the thought of being delivered up for some offence of his own; but being reassured, he repeated his story once more, and might still have been laughed at, but that one of the men had been employed at the abduction of Evelyn Leslie. Walter had been locked up for safe keeping, and four of the police went off to reconnoitre. One by one they crept into the yard of Mr. Leslie's house, and hid themselves behind the statuary or nearest shrubbery. The moments dragged on, and the bells had struck three before they moved. At last, however, one of them grew impatient:

"We are a nice set of fools. You may stay if you choose, but I shall go back to quarters. It's about my time to go off."

The man he had addressed put a hand over his mouth.

"Hist! There is some one now."

Peering out, they could just discern three shadowy figures creeping along the serpentine walks towards the house. The men drew their pistols, one in each hand, waited a moment, and then followed. Jerry was still outside, and as he turned from listening to those who had entered, he was knocked down and gagged before he could utter a sound. The window stood open, and while one of them remained to guard the prisoner, the others vaulted in with no more noise than a cat. They waited again for a little, and then following the obscure light, mounted a richly carpeted flight of steps, and moved cautiously towards an open door, from which a low, grating sound now came forth. As they neared it, three abreast, the figure of a woman rushed wildly past them.

"Oh, Ned! Ned! You are lost!"

The policemen following with a bound, beheld two men standing by a cabinet, evidently striving to force it open. There was a strong odor of ether in the room. The detectives sprang forward with cocked pistols, but before they could close in on the robbers, one of them had turned, with a scowl black as midnight, and as scathing as lightning:

"So, Jezebel, it is you who have betrayed us." There was an instantaneous report of pistols, and the woman, throwing up her hands, fell back into the arms of one of the men, with the blood gushing from her mouth. One of the robbers was also severely wounded, and the other felled by a blow from a club. They were both handcuffed and bound without difficulty, just as several figures, mostly in night robes, began to rush wildly from one room to another, giving a general alarm. The maid, Martha Stone, lay insensible upon the floor, and was at length borne away, and the police finally withdrew in order with their prisoners.

The following day the small boy was brought, at Rochester Leslie's request, into his presence. The miserable appearance of the vagabond touched him deeply.

"What can I do for you, Walter, when I have given you some new clothes?" he asked.

"Send me to school, sur, as *she* said you would," replied the boy, unconscious of the magnitude of the favor he was asking. And the gentleman, well pleased at the reply, entered him, in a few days, at one of the best educational institutions in the city, the instructors graciously condoning Walter's alarming ignorance, in receiving him as the protege of Rochester Leslie.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATTEMPTING A LIFE.

There was but little perceptible change in the condition of Philip Danvers for some days, and through all the uncertainty about Cecil's fate, Miriam still listened eagerly for tidings from the sick room, and indeed, at heart, it would have been difficult to tell which was worrying her most, her anxiety about the child, or her dread lest her father-in-law should recover. But in the one and the other she was alike doomed to disappointment. Day by day went on, and the detectives seemed further and further removed from any tidings of her lost darling. She had never confined herself a great deal with the child, so that she herself would scarcely have imagined how terrible would be her loneliness without him. She may scarcely have looked into the nursery once a day, when she knew that he was there safe and well; but to look now and find all so still and deserted, wrung her usually selfish heart with an intensity of torture that it would be impossible to describe. She could once lie down at night, when she had been planning treason against those who loved her most, and with a simple effort of will, fall soundly asleep; but now the downy pillows beneath her head had no softness, when she reflected that the delicate, spoiled boy, who had been indulged in every luxury, might be lying half frozen upon some roadside, or sleeping in some hayloft, with disreputable tramps.

Miriam could never have been made to believe that Cecil's abduction had been voluntary on his part. She had never stopped to inquire whether he returned her doting fondness in full, nor in her own thoroughly selfish love of ease, and all the luxuries which wealth supplies, could she imagine that even the smallest and most unreasoning of children would, of their own accord, weary of the splendors which a home like hers could furnish, and prefer to venture the experiment of life, with its sickening toils and privations, removed from any such advantage. She had tried first the storm-beaten track because fate had left her no choice, and she knew full well how rough and stormy and beset with sin and temptation it was, and her joy had been absolute when she fancied herself anchored safely at last into a port where no rough billows could ever come. She did not recollect that all her indulgences had but tended to disease the boy's fancy, and that, in consequence, the great world without was, to his distorted imagination, like the unexplored seas—which the young mind of the Genoese student had traversed long, long before the Santa Maria, or the Pinta, or Nina had been given to his command — full of undiscovered continents and isles of bliss, replete with all imaginary treasures. Only to the ordinary dreamer there is no fruition. Commoner mortals may, indeed, pursue the shadow, but it flies before them even into that "unknown bourne," which we can only reach when we have "shuffled off this mortal coil."

So, to Miriam Danvers, one of the hardest features of the punishment now overtaking her, was that she believed the child grieving, as she did, for a reunion, yet prevented by the strong arm of a malignant foe, and each day the burden of her grief grew more oppressive.

"If he survives," she would say to herself, wearily, "he will certainly return to me some day when increasing years shall have placed him beyond their control. He is too old to forget me or my name, as younger children might do, and when he is able to assert his rights I shall see him again. Ten years old now, he may be sixteen or eighteen first; but the time will come, and I must work to be able to receive him back. If it were possible for me to be cast out of here it would be better for him to stay away also, and remain in ignorance of my shame. In any event it will be best for me to secure myself as Eugene's wife. Will fate assist me, or shall I watch for an opportunity to defend myself?" These were some of the thoughts that were beginning to give her a worn look.

"I feel a sort of presentiment that if this man lives he will betray me in the end," she murmured, one evening, as she sank down upon an ottoman in the little reading room near Mr. Danvers' chamber, after having wandered restlessly over the house. "What right has he to pursue me, when fortune has already united my destiny with that of his son? He has never seen me anything but tenderly affectionate in manner to Eugene, and but for him I should continue so. I can reflect no discredit upon him while my story is unknown. Neither have any of his family that I know of surpassed me in personal or mental endowments. No; he has, without cause, undertaken to destroy me, and being the weaker vessel of the two, there is nothing left for me to do but to strike while he is down, since he has provoked the contest, for self-preservation is acknowledged to be one of the first laws of nature."

She had taken up a book with the outward pretext of reading, but the hand that held it lay listlessly at her side, and the seam across her forehead was deepened in thought, until a cruel fixity of purpose might be traced in the rigid lines about her mouth. While she lay thus, her attention was arrested by the sound of voices, just outside in the passage. The speakers were Dr. Westman and Eugene.

"Then I may have the consolation of knowing that he is decidedly better?" were the first words of the latter that caught her ear.

"There is no doubt of that."

"Do you consider him out of danger?"

"Unless he has a relapse, yes. These diseases may, of course, at any time take a turn for the worse; but with proper vigilance I do not think it will."

"But his suffering is still agonizing. Can we do nothing to relieve that?"

"All is done that can be safely tried. The slow lethargy of opiates is dangerous, and to deaden the pain of his paroxysms would in all probability be instant death to him. He has been troubled with an organic affection of the heart for some years."

The speakers passed on, and Miriam rose to a sitting posture. A sudden flush had returned to her cheeks. She pressed her fingers to her temples as she arose and half staggered across the room. Parks happened to be passing the door as she came out, and even he looked up at her in alarm.

"It is nothing," she said, as if the words were choking her. "I only want a little fresh air." She passed on to the door that led out to the portico at the back of the house, and throwing it open, stood with the strong draft of frosty winter's air blowing over her as though it were the softest zephyr of spring. Looking out she beheld St. Julian Manning scudding across the yard towards his mother, with a merry laugh. This boy was scarcely less beautiful than her own, and her brow darkened again.

"I hate them both," she murmured. "This woman makes a parade of her happiness with her child before me to distress and torture me. She watches me covertly, too, as though she, too, knew my story, and was in league with her master. Let her look to herself, for when he dies, Eugene shall not retain her one hour." Going back, she met her husband returning from the front entrance.

"How the roses bloom upon your cheeks," he said, tenderly. "Sorrows may come upon you, but they only add to your beauty; but the burden of our care is, at least, lightened in one way, my darling. Thank heaven, our father is much better."

Our father! She turned away her head, and went up to her own room. She tried to read again, but the words seemed to dance upon the pages before her, and she could make nothing out of them, and after a while she lay down, hoping to invoke sleep, at least for a few moments, but it no longer came at her bidding.

It was one o'clock when she opened the door of the sick-room, and found Eugene sitting alone at the bedside of the patient.

"My dear," she whispered, reproachfully, "you will make yourself ill. You have kept almost constant vigil here for a week. Where is the doctor?"

"He decided that he might safely go home until early morning. It is only necessary to watch him and give the medicine at the prescribed intervals."

"But any one can do that, and you are worn out."

"I know," he replied, in his usual bright, cheerful tones; "but I have only just persuaded my mother to retire. And now it will be even easier than I had thought, for you will be at my side."

"Not so," she returned, resting her hand on his shoulder. "You have all the investigations about my poor boy to make during the day; and then the burden of vigils like this at night—it will not do. I am going to command now, and you are to obey. I am fresh and will take your place, while you, too, go and sleep for a few hours. You can give me all necessary directions."

"My love, it would be cruel and unnatural for me to shift any burden that I can bear to your shoulders."

"But a wife should share them all, Eugene. I will hear no excuse. You must go, and I promise to call you if there is any change for the worse. I have nothing to do but to sleep all day."

"Your commands shall always be law to me, Miriam. I had expected to remain here until four, when Mrs. Manning is to be called. My father trusted her implicitly as long as he was conscious, and would, I know, feel as safe in her hands as in mine. She will relieve you, and if you will be kind enough to arouse me, I will also look in at that time."

She gave the promise, of course, and Eugene, telling her how often the medicines were to be administered, kissed her and went out.

Miriam sat for some time as he had left her without looking up, and any one might have seen from the heaving of her bosom and the color upon her cheeks that she was ill at ease, and she only glanced around when the sick man gave a sudden start and moan of pain. Mr. Danvers was lying with his face, still angrily flushed with fever, turned towards her, and this coloring made him look quite well and even younger than he had been in health, despite his loss of flesh, and Miriam sat studying the whole face as she had never done before.

"There is sternness in every line," she thought, "and an inflexibility of purpose that would stop at nothing short of death. It is clear that I shall have nothing to hope for if he lives." She placed her small, taper fingers upon his wrist, and the strong, bounding pulse still told of much physical vigor apart from the impetus which fever had given it. Miriam had been sitting thus for an hour, perhaps, when Mr. Danvers stirred again, and looking up, she saw that his eyes were open and staring wildly at her. She was a strong woman at all times, but her own heart gave a sudden leap, and a momentary expression of fear overspread her countenance.

"I know you," muttered the sick man. "The face of Mary Houseman is not easily forgotten. You may come to look insultingly on me at my dying hour in all the freshness of your wicked beauty; but you have nothing with which to taunt me. It was all your own fault."

"What was my fault?" she asked, softly.

"I would have been true to you," he replied, incoherently, "in spite of the shallow emptiness of soul and narrow-minded meanness that you displayed from the first day of our union, when I began to awake from the vile spell of your mere physical beauty, though my life would have been one long torture to the end; but you would not permit even an outward show of decency, which my pride so craved, when every other hope was gone. With not more of virtue than magnanimity, you loved the airy pretentiousness and leonine nature of the French officer, Dessieux."

"Well?" Miriam still questioned, with eager interest.

"Well? In heaven's name was not that shame enough, but you must abandon every duty of life, and convince me of your guilt by an open, shameless elopement with him. Had you taken my life it would have been a mercy. Could you wonder that I loathed your very name, or that I should at once have used every means to free myself from the hateful bonds that fettered me?"

Miriam knew that he was speaking of her mother, and she listened with trembling anxiety for each word that fell from his lips.

"You were anxious for a divorce, that you, too, might marry again," said Miriam.

"It is false—false as your own base self!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers. "When the law, which I at once invoked, had freed me from you, it was I who demanded of the wretch who had betrayed you that he should make you his wife at once, or perish by my hand; and he dared not refuse. It was only after you had falsely led me to believe you had perished with him that I again took the name of husband, though I was free to do so in the eyes of the law."

"But Douglas Roscoe wedded me, both as divorced wife and real widow," she replied.

"Yes; for Douglas Roscoe's ideas of virtue were as easy as your own," returned Mr. Danvers, angrily. "See how the woman whom I truly honored acted. As soon as she knew you were living still, she withdrew into a convent—though our children might have visited us unquestioningly still—until after she was assured of your real death."

Was there no feeling of pity for this man, as the guilty woman looked down at him now?

"And what do you think then of Eugene's wife?" she asked, again.

"Think!" he cried, striking his clenched hand upon the covering. "That she is far worse than you, because she has tenfold more brains and nerve. I would sooner have heard of his death than seen him wedded to her. Oh! it is an iniquity that is crying to heaven! She knows it, and she has tried to deceive me with a lie; but I shall yet expose it. There were two French widows of the name of Dessieux, and each of them married a Douglas Roscoe. My son's wife would have cheated me into the belief that she is the child of the true lady; but it is all a shallow, wicked deception. Mary Houseman is written in every feature; and her father is the escaped convict, now hiding in Australia."

"But why visit the crimes of the parent upon the child?" asked Miriam, anxiously.

"I do not," he answered. "There is some criminal mystery connected with her own life that I cannot fathom. She, too, is rumored to have followed in the footsteps of her mother. Even the fate of her husband Louis Dupre, whose life she more than once attempted, is uncertain. He may be living at this moment."

"But you are still determined to find out, if possible?"

"Yes, though I sink my whole fortune in doing so. If she could betray her first husband, my son may be hourly in equal danger. And if Louis Dupre be still alive, then she has less right here and the bolts of a prison should close on her?"

"She is too cognizant of the law to have become the wife of Eugene Danvers unless that law would sanction it," said Miriam, with a flush of triumph. "And suppose then, if there be other things to criminate her in the past, that she is thoroughly repentant and determined henceforth to be true and faithful, your Christian profession says you should forgive. Would you refuse to do so?"

"When she had renounced all claim to my son and my son's name, I should have no reason to pursue her further, but not till then."

"So, she need expect no mercy at your hands?"

"None."

"Then neither will she spare you," whispered Miriam, softly. "You, yourself, have fixed your own doom."

She did not stir or move again until the sick man, once more yielding to the momentary oblivion from which she had repeatedly aroused him, lay back and closed his eyes. He continued at intervals to move restlessly from side to side, and mutter incoherent fragments of speech; but she took care not to address him again, and after a little he fell into a heavy sleep. Looking at her watch, Miriam discovered that it was time to administer the first dose of medicine, and she got up very quietly and took down the bottle.

"They will never know but what he has taken it," she thought, throwing a spoonful into the fire; "and now he is in such pain," she continued aloud. "I will try to calm him without calling Eugene."

She glided back once more to the bed, and taking a phial from her pocket, uncorked it, and applied it to the sleeping man's face, so closely that he gasped for breath and threw up his hands as if in agony.

"I am drowning," murmured, struggling violently. "All the waves and billows of the ocean are passing over me," and then he fell back again, unconscious as before.

She waited breathlessly until a deeper sleep had fallen on him, and applied the phial once more.

There was another gasp, and all the color died out from Mr. Danvers' face, leaving a ghastliness frightful to behold. His limbs were rigid and his eyes set.

"Ah! this is death," she was thinking proudly, when a soft step at the door made the dead white of her face equal his, and she fell back faint with terror, while a hand was laid rudely upon her arm.

"Out of the way, Mrs. Danvers; you are trying to kill him."

Still cowering with fear, Miriam looked up and beheld only Mrs. Manning, who had thrust her unceremoniously back, and seizing Mr. Danvers was shaking him vigorously from side to side. A

moment more, and Miriam recovering her self-possession, rose haughtily to her feet.

"I do not understand you," she said. "Let me call Eugene. You have gone mad, or else it is you who would murder him. In heaven's name, are you walking in your sleep? What is it that you would do?"

"Call him back to life, if it be not already too late," replied the housekeeper, sternly, still slapping Mr. Danvers vigorously in the face and moving him back and forth. "Thank God that I did come in at the right moment. I could not rest, and something seemed to be calling me here. Ah, thank heaven! he breathes again. Mrs. Danvers he is reviving; one moment more and you would have stood a murderess before heaven and me!"

"You still rave," said Mrs. Danvers, sneeringly, though with all her self-possession she could not conceal the look of baffled rage that flashed from her eyes. "Should I inform Eugene of this insolence, I do not think you would remain beneath this roof many hours longer; but I am so constituted that a servant cannot provoke my resentment, so you are safe from me."

"I do not know whether I am or not," said Mrs. Manning, bitterly. "Call your husband; you will not dare to tell him."

"Will not dare to tell him what? That his father has some very impertinent servants in his household?" asked Miriam, coolly.

"Will not tell him," replied the housekeeper, lifting a head as proud as her own, "that you are secretly attempting his father's life in the dead of night, when you had agreed to watch here. You know that he has an affection of the heart that would bring death from the inhalation of chloroform."

"I am surprised at myself that I bandy words with you," said Miriam, with provoking *sang-froid*. "But I will say that I knew nothing of the sort. I was suffering with a severe headache, and had the chloroform for my own use; and I had even fancied that the smell of it might benefit Mr. Danvers, he was in such a paroxysm of suffering. I knew nothing of his heart disease."

"You had never heard?"

"No." The clear eyes looked through her, but they did not falter.

"I should be sorry to do you an injustice, Mrs. Danvers," said Maude, returning the gaze; "but I know more of you than you think; and without entirely knowing the cause, I am perfectly aware of the mutual dislike that has existed between you and Mr. Danvers since you came here; and before any court of justice the circumstance of your having chloroform here at this hour of the night would tend to excite suspicion."

"I don't see, I must say; it was here for my benefit and not his."

This was strictly true, heaven knows, though not exactly as she intended Maude to understand it, and the two women looked at each other for some moments in mutual distrust and dislike. Miriam was the first to speak.

"Did Mr. Danvers take you into his confidence?" she asked, still with the sneer that sometimes provoked a deeper resentment than words can do. "It is a little remarkable that both he and his servants should regard me as a tragic conspirator of the Borgia or De Medici order, without a shadow of grounds for so doing."

The constant reference to Mrs. Manning as a "servant" was another of her studied points of insult, and as the latter stood with folded arms, still without replying, looking at Mr. Danvers, who had recovered his momentary loss of respiration, and seemed to be sinking into a more natural sleep than he had yet known, Miriam ventured once more in a tone that, in spite of herself, evinced no small degree of interest.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me through what sources you derive your impressions with regard to me?"

"I have some that you do not know of, I reckon. I am not at liberty to disclose," replied Mrs. Manning, coldly.

A vivid flush passed over Miriam's face, and she caught hold of the housekeeper's arm with a nervous, angry clasp.

"You must be in league with the demons who have stolen my child,"

"I am in league with no one who perpetrates unlawful or cruel deeds," replied Maude, with severe pride. "Heaven is my witness that I could never have abetted such an act. But why do I condescend to deny. My reputation has never been tainted with the imputation of a crime."

There was the proud consciousness of virtue in word and look, and Miriam, hardened woman of the world that she was, bowed to it in involuntary admiration.

"But," she said, eagerly, unwilling to release the other now that the subject had been broached, "you will not deny that you know something of my enemies?"

"I would scarcely know how to reply to that," returned Maude. "Whether you have ever given just cause to any one to inflict punishment like that upon you is a thing which you alone could decide."

"You have then seen that unprincipled fanatic, Nina Da Costa?"

"I did not say so."

"And you know Caspar Lenox?"

Mrs. Manning was silent for a moment, and when she spoke it was in a constrained tone.

"Mrs. Danvers, it is entirely useless to prolong this interview. Your imagination is vivid, I see. You will be forced to indulge it. I have nothing to tell you."

She had taken her seat at the bedside, with one hand upon the sick man's pulse.

"He seems to be quieter in defiance of my chloroform," said Miriam, rising; "so it was not bad for him, after all. How long will you remain here?"

"Until some member of the family or *known friend* takes my place."

"Eugene will look in early," returned Miriam, proudly ignoring the other's emphasis, "and since you will kindly take my post, I, too, will retire, as I have not slept. I hope you will have time to reflect and see your unnatural suspicions in their truly ridiculous aspect by the light of day. Good night." And Miriam passed, still with haughtily erect head, to her own room, where Eugene lay peacefully sleeping.

"That was a narrow escape," she murmured, "but I am sure I managed it cleverly. She will hardly dare breathe her suspicions; but, in the meantime, this abortive attempt may ruin me, for even I could not dare the effort again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MASTER CECIL STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.

Caspar Lenox, Nina and Cecil had together defied the whole detective force of the country. The child may have been chiefly instrumental in this, as but for his ready acquiescence in their scheme they might have been betrayed at any moment; but certain it is, that at the end of six months they were further removed from all traces of the boy than they had been at the beginning, notwithstanding the tremendous rewards that had incited the vigilance of the police.

And, in the meantime, Cecil had been living in obscure quarters with his "aunt," faring roughly, sleeping on harder beds than he had ever seen, and wandering about with her during the day until his young limbs, unaccustomed to long continued physical exertion, fairly ached with pain; and yet he seemed to prefer the new life to the old. He had occasioned Nina some trouble on the day after they had left the train, by his sudden and unconquerable disgust for feminine attire.

"I want my trowsers," he said, abruptly, walking up to her with a determined air but a moment after they had established themselves in a room for the day. "The people all pat me on the cheek, and call me a girl in good earnest, and I don't like that. Women are no account; I am going to be a man."

"Well, wearing a dress for a few days will not make a girl of you, and you know Tom Robinson told you how much money your mamma would offer to the police to bring you back; and you are only doing this to fool them."

"I can fool them in my pants as well," he replied, resolutely; "and I mean to have them to-day. I shan't stay shut up all the while; I am going to play with some boys."

In vain did Nina attempt to reason with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Robinson, and he would submit only to him. Now that he had left the cars he would have back his male attire. Nina was half in despair, and altogether angry when she found herself forced to submit.

"I shall have to buy some," she said, sharply. "You must wear your present dress until dusk this evening, when I shall have to get a carriage to take us to a new boarding house, and you must change on the way. I tell you we shall be watched, and the first thing you know you will be carried back to your mother and her new husband, and I and Tom Robinson will be punished."

Cecil seemed, however, to think she would be sharp enough to get him through, and still obstinately insisted upon his first demand; and accordingly the change was effected in the evening without discovery.

In a few weeks Cecil grew restless again.

"When is Tom Robinson coming?"

"As soon as he can get away. He fears to bring suspicion on you too soon."

"But I am tired of you," said Cecil; "and I want him."

A day or so later Nina received a letter, which she read to him.

"Cecil must be both patient and cautious," he said, "and he would come for him as speedily as possible, to begin their tour of adventures. At present he was occupied every moment, and could not leave. He must recollect that their work was a difficult one, and would require time; and that no one ever yet deserved success, who was not willing both to work and wait for it."

Cecil's great admiration for the author influenced him to follow his advice as nearly as he could for a while longer, but his naturally restless and imperious temperament soon developed itself again. And in spite of Nina's protests, the boy wandered about all day, and was frequently in the street until late at night.

One of his favorite resorts was down upon the river's bank, fishing, with a promiscuous crowd of illiterate and often unprincipled boys, himself seemingly the happiest of the crowd. This was a source of great annoyance and even sorrow to Nina DaCosta, for true to her nature, in defiance of her long nurtured resentment, there were some womanly and even tender emotions still left in her heart; and bitterly as she despised the mother, she found herself, despite her efforts to the contrary, loving this wayward child with all the ardor of her enthusiastic temperament—an ardor enhanced tenfold now by her secluded life and unspoken moodiness of thought. She delighted to imagine that there was something of Cecil's father in his face, and that in loving him, or shielding him from vice, she was only true in her devotion to the memory of Louis Dupre. Her thirst for vengeance on the mother grew even greater in proportion as her love for the child increased, so that she was swayed continually by the most diametrically contending emotions of tenderness and hatred, until her life grew to be one perplexing round of torture.

Cecil was by no means grateful for any manifestation of her regard, and, indeed, usually rewarded it with expressions of contempt, and even unqualified disgust.

"I am giving my heart to this child as though he were my own," she would cry, in the solitude of her own room; "and he returns it with dislike, as all the world has done. He may have his father's eyes, but he has his mother's cold and wicked heart."

One day, as Cecil was returning with some of his friends from a day's ramble, proudly bearing a string of diminutive fish, he noticed a policeman, who had, for some time, been sauntering slowly behind him, and observing him with rather especial attention. When the last of his companions had turned away just before he reached his own home, the man drew nearer, and walking by his side, looked down at the diminutive disciple of Sir Isaac Walton, with a smile.

"Did you catch those fish, my little man?"

"Some of them. Roy Gill gave me one."

"Are you going to eat them?"

"You bet."

"But suppose your mother should say they have too many bones?"

"My mother ain't apt to suppose anything about it." Cecil now glanced up, and the man's blue uniform suddenly reminded him that this might be one of the man-traps set for him.

"What is your name, Mr. Fisherman?"

"James Robinson."

"Well, are you going to cook the fish without letting your mother know it?"

"My mother is—dead!"

The boy had seen a dead person a few days before, and the recollection made him hesitate.

"Ah! you are young to be left without any one to watch over you. Is your father dead, too?"

"Yes."

"With whom do you live?"

"My aunt."

"And your aunt lets you do as you please, I see. Now how long have you been living with her?"

"Ever so long. I don't know."

Nothing could have been more natural than the boy's tone and manner. The man looked down at him with puzzled interest.

"Did you ever know a little boy named Cecil?" he asked, suddenly — "Cecil Dupre?"

"No," answered *alias* James Robinson, stoutly.

"Because," said the man, taking a photograph from his pocket, "you are as like as two peas. I could have sworn you were the same."

Cecil took the picture and inspected it with supreme indifference.

"That boy has on fine clothes, fit only to be shut up in a house," he said, contemptously; "and mine are rough. No, I don't know him."

"Well, that boy was stolen from his mother some months ago, and all I have to say is, if you wanted fine clothes, you have only to go to her. She would swear you were her own child."

"I believe I won't try it," said the boy, beginning to whistle. "I like well enough where I am." And he turned in at a gate, leaving the man to go on his way, entirely baffled.

Nina was duly informed of this adventure, with sundry embellishments with regard to his own sagacity, and so alarmed was she that she at once wrote a detailed account to Caspar Lenox, who summoned her by telegraph, to meet him, without delay, in a distant town, with the boy.

Cecil was in transports of joy at the idea that his new life was about to begin. And, in truth, Lenox taking him to a distant State, gratified the darling wish of this aspiring young gentleman's heart, by placing him, for the present, with additional instructions, in the hands of the chief of a circus company, where we must take leave of him for the present.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOLDSMITH MAID.

The recent remarkable performances of this extraordinary animal have created so much excitement, that we think the following particulars regarding her early career, taken from a contemporary, will prove of interest to many of our readers:

The Maid was a wayward child. From the date of her birth on the farm of John B. Decker, in Wantage township, Sussex county, New York, in the spring of 1857, to the age of six years she distinguished herself in many ways, but never as a trotter. She was undersized, nervous and fretful, and utterly refused heavy farm work. Mr. Decker, her owner, says he never got any work out of her but twice, one half day in ploughing corn and one half day in drawing stones. Once she was hitched to a harrow, but after a short distance she reared backward and entangled both her hind legs in the cross-piece of the harrow and so injured those members that when she goes out for her morning walks it is said she still shows signs of stiffness behind, caused by this fall in early life. From the time she was six months old until Mr. Decker sold her she was used as a race-horse, though without her owner's knowledge. The boys on the farm, of course, as boys do, were anxious to know which was the speediest horse, and at an early day they found it was the Maid. And so, after the "old man" had gone to bed, they would take her out of the pasture or stable whenever a race could be made up and run her on the road after night. She beat everything that could be brought to run with her, so that finally none but the uninformed from a distance could be found to bet against her. These races were made up at the country stores and lounging-places in the evening after farm work was over, and the race run the same night after the "old man" had gone to bed. No training, no grooms, no jockeys, no weight for age—just a man or a boy in his bare feet, mounted bare back, with his toes hugging the mare's belly like a leech, was the style; and the Maid no doubt enjoyed it more than she has some of her late races in the trotting ring.

One day in the summer of 1863 two men were out buying horses for the army, and stopped all night at Mr. Decker's, and in the morning bought the Maid of him for $260, and started for home, leaving the mare behind them. On their way they met a Mr. Tompkins, who knew the little mare, and bought her off them for $360. The two men also knew her and believed that she could be made a trotter, but were willing to make $100 by their morning's bargain. The next day Tompkins sold her to Alden Goldsmith, an excellent judge of horseflesh, of Blooming Grove, Orange county, N. Y., for $600. From him she took the name of Goldsmith Maid. He kept her in pretty steady training under William Bodine, to whom more than any other living man should be awarded the credit of first bringing the mare out. While in training for the trotting course she was so fretful and irritable, so determined to run at every opportunity instead of trotting, so hard to bring to trot after breaking from that gait, that Mr. Goldsmith many times determined to give up the training and sell her at price, but his patient driver maintained his abiding faith in her, and assured his employer that she was the fastest animal on his premises, and would come out at last a great trotter, and finally persuaded him to keep her, which he did until this driver so brought out her points that Mr. Goldsmith in November, 1868, sold her to R. Jackman and Budd Doble for $20,000. These gentlemen sold her to Mr. H. N. Smith for the sum of $37,000. She made her first appearance in public in August, 1866.

BEAUTY OR BRAINS.—If it were optional with all women to be intelligent or beautiful, but forbidden to them to be both, which of two gifts, beauty or brains, would the majority of the sex prefer? This is a delicate question; but if put to the vote we are inclined to think that beauty would carry the day. Men bow down to feminine loveliness; but as a rule they are apt to fight shy of feminine wisdom. Some of them even seem to regard it with jealousy, as an infringement on their prerogative. It is true that several tough old philosophers have inveighed against the influence of beauty, stigmatizing it as a "short-lived tyranny," a "silent fraud," a "mere accident of nature," and the like; but the probability is, that these caustic fellows had made bids for it in vain, and that the acidity of temper they displayed was ascribable to "sour grapes."

WEIGH others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales would have a sinecure.

WHY THUS LONGING?

BY M. V. S.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still:
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of joy or light canst throw;
If no silken chord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear th' immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

A GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

Perhaps the most wonderful ghost story we ever heard of is the following, which is told as having actually occurred to the Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, while riding in North Wales, England, on missionary business. We give the narrative in the reverend gentleman's own words:

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he drew near I recognised a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llanwhellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting, he touched his hat, and asked me if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on my part, so wishing him a 'good afternoon,' I continued my journey.

"When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered, by certain depressions in the hedge, that it was a man running in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognised the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the straw band which sheathed his sickle.

"He hurried until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack, perhaps murder, me for the sake of my watch and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be seen; so, reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possibility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse, and endeavor to dash by the man at full speed? No; for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not, for I was hedged in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I, weak and unarmed, have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off; I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a horseman in a dark dress, mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound; it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feelings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion.

"I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and on looking at his face he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his gaze and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, resheathing his sickle as he hurried along. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone, and had relinquished his intended attempt. All cause for alarm being gone I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on our way towards the gate, though I confess feeling both surprised and hurt at my companion's mysterious silence. Once, however, and only once did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighboring hill, I turned to my companion and said: 'Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?' Then it was that I thought I heard the horseman speak, and that he uttered the single word, 'Amen.' Not another word did he give utterance to, though I tried to elicit from him replies to my questions both in English and Welsh. We were now approaching the gate, which I hastened to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the road for him to pass through; but he came not; I turned my head to look—the mysterious horseman was gone! I was dumbfounded; I looked back in the direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

O'CONNELL AND THE BANK CRISIS.

In the town of L——, a run was being made, on one occasion, for gold, by the peasantry of the neighboring counties, and crowds of clamorous applicants were seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in the place. The —— Bank, however (which afterwards proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon.

At the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, amid such exclamations as, "There, you have torn the coat off my back and making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a pack-load of ten pounders you had."

"Arrah, ye'll all be served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, could be seen approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door. "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand; "Didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they're shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot."

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing; you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

Sure enough, the clerks were ladling out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might roasted chestnuts.

They say that the ruse was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it in the case of the —— Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back parlor heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire, and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back parlor.

The plan had a double advantage—it inspired confidence, and made the process of money-taking so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers, that the bank, with a very limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot sovereigns.

The ruse which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and we thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold in the imagination of a simple people.

CRIMINAL ANIMALS.

The following concerning the physical and spiritual penalties which the law visited formerly upon four-footed malefactors will, we are sure, be new to many of our readers:

"The condemnation of a bull to the gallows for the crime of murder is by no means a singular example of the eccentricities of ancient legislation, at least in France. For instance, on the 4th of June, 1094, a pig was hanged from a gibbet near Laon for devouring the babe of one Jehan Lenfant, a cowherd. Again, on the 10th of Jaduary, 1457, a sow and her six sucklings were charged with murder and homicide on the person of one Jehan Martin, of Savigny, when the former was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged by the hind feet from the branch of a tree. As for the piglings, in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, although covered with blood, they were restored to their owner on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime. That individual, however, declined to become in any way answerable for the conduct of such ill-bred animals, which were thereupon declared forfeited—not to the parents of the murdered child, but to the noble damsel, Katerine de Bernault, Lady of Savigny. Yet again, on the 2d of March, 1552, the Chapter of Chartres, after due investigation of the circumstances, sentenced a pig who had killed a girl to be hanged from a gallows erected on the very spot polluted by the bloody deed. Even so late as the year 1612 a pig was convicted of having worried to death and partially devoured a child fourteen to fifteen months old, the son of a mason residing at Molinchart, also within the jurisdiction of Laon. Nor was this all. Animals were liable to spiritual censures as well as to penal sentences. In 1120 we find the Bishop of Laon excommunicating a swarm of caterpillars in the same terms which the Council of Rheims had employed in the preceding year in denouncing priests who indulged in the sin of matrimony. Still later, in 1516, the courts of Troyes, complying with the prayers of the inhabitants of Villenoze, admonished the caterpillars, by which that district was then infested, to take themselves off within six days on pain of being declared 'accursed and excommunicated.'"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

I wear all sorts of colors; sometimes I'm sweet, and sometimes sour;
I oft save life, yet life at sea is always in my power;
I take my place at table, if of peasant or of queen,
No cot, or palace, town, or street, without me e'er is seen;
I've strength to throw down houses, uproot the strongest trees,
Yet without my aid, I'm certain, a fountain could not please;
I'm hot, I'm cold, I'm rapid, lingering slow,
But without me no railway train for half a mile could go;
I am so small, that e'en a babe may hold me in its hand,
So large, that I encircle the widest, wildest land;
You take me at your daily meals, and ne'er presume to doubt me,
For nothing lives, nor moves, nor dares to die without me.

2.

To see me, you must shut your eyes;
To like me, you must all despise;
To want me, you must be well blessed;
To have me, you must be distrest;
To feel me, you must feeling lack;
To wear me, you must bare your back;
To know me, you must be a dunce,
And ought to go to school at once;
Now if you cannot tell my name,
You'll make out of me what I am.

JOSEPH CARPENTER.

3.

My uses are various, and various my hue;
I'm black, and I'm red, I'm violet, blue;
By lover and author alike I am bought;
From India, and China, I sometimes am brought,
Now give me but a sheet, and a cover for clothes,
And secrets of moment to you I'll disclose;
To the uttermost parts of the kingdom I'll fly,
To cause some a laugh, but many a sigh.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In every suit I ever saw,
These two were always in it;
What fools they were to go to law,
For often neither win it.

1. The lawyer thus defends his cause,
And cleverly he quotes the laws.
2. What folly thus to go to war,
You've little chance before the bar.
3. The hermit thus keeps from his kind,
False friends thus stand in need, you'll find.
4. A wrangler to argue demands,
On this he joins, and falls or stands.
5. I do declaim, I shake the head,
Flatly deny whatever's said.
6. An ancient book, which Rabbis use,
To show the laws unto the Jews.
7. The smallest part I specify,
An atom scarce so small as I.
8. For ladies' use on summer's day,
I winnow all the chaff away.
9. In truth this is reality,
As sure as fate a verity.

R. F.

CHARADE.

My first, with egg, to breakfast, the cockney thinks is sense,
But it really is a little word that forms the passive tense;
My second is a vowel, sure, though neither a nor o;
My third and last an adjective, expressing power, you know;
And my whole will ask a question, when divided into three,
To which the same, read backwards, the answer ought to be.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Help grate,
Stew no hate.
2. Seem in agent,
Go green shoe spent.
3. Renn prigs spit,
Or can mail wit.

W. H. WOOD.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I mob uncle. 2. Lo, hire poot. 3. Few run, Sol. 4. Thy chain. 5. I'm an actor. 6. O, wide nob. 7. O, a clean lair. 8. A nut-pie. 9. I race rain.

JOSEPH XAVIER.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. To peruse. The margin. A disorder. An act.
2. Suffrage. A man's name. To care for. Scraps.
3. Loving. Above. A Roman emperor. To fall.
4. Covering. Early. Refined air. Animals. A town in Portugal.
5. Beyond. A town in Spain. Large vegetables. A steward. Available property for the payment of debts.

VICTORIA.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 19.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 13, Vol. 54.

ACROSTIC.—1. Jefferson. 2. Euterpe. 3. Socrates. 4. Urania. 5. Semiramis. 6. Walter Scott. 7. Epaminondas. 8. Patrick. 9. Thermopylæ. My whole: "Jesus wept."

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.—1. Amsterdam. 2. Baltimore. 3. Cape Horn. 4. Boston. 5. Canton. 6. Rome. 7. Barbadoes. 8. Bermudas. 9. Chagres. 10. Bombay. 11. Lima. 12. Peru.

FLORAL REBUS.—Heliotrope (Hawthorn, Elder, Laurustinus, Iris, Oleander, Tuberose, Rue, Olive, Primrose, (evening) Eglantine).

ENIGMATICAL LOVE-LETTER. — Lily, Olive, Violet, Eglantine—LOVE.

ENIGMA.—A dyer.

CHARADE.—Par-rot.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Demonstration. 2. Transportation. 3. Unchangeableness. 4. Measurement. 5. Procrastination. 6. Excommunication.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

A
A M Y
R O S E S
M A T T H E W
A M S T E R D A M
L E P R O S Y
W I D O W
M A Y
M

FACETIÆ

WELL "POSTED."—The telegraph.

THE EARLIEST SQUATTERS. — Kangaroos.

THE PATH OF DUTY.—Through the Custom House.

A WESTERN paper announces the death of a lady celebrated for the "purity of her character and complexion."

GRADUATING in a fashionable seminary of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Mary E. Turner entitled her composition: "The Immoral Influence of Bad Bread!"

IT was a Chicago lady who sent an order to Rome to a celebrated sculptor for "one marble figger of Apoller in his close, to cost not more nor $1,000."

"THERE is one kind o' *ship* I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor seacaptain; "and that's courtship, 'cause on *that* ship there's always *two mates* and no captain."

HARRY, after looking on while his new baby sister cried at being washed and dressed, turned away, saying, "If she screamed like that up in heaven, I don't wonder that they sent her off?"

FEMALE POLITICS. — A young lady hearing it stated that government, in this country, would in future be carried on without *parties*, said, "Oh, dear! I hope not. If it comes to that, I hope papa will take us to live on the continent."

WHEN a Western editor is in a hurry, he doesn't waste words by saying "It rained." He simply writes: "After many days of arid desiccation, the vapory captains marshaled their thundering hosts, and poured out upon scorching humanity and the thoroughly incinerated vegetation a few inches of *aqua plusialis*."

CABBY'S "LITTLE WAY."—Illustrative of the "little ways" of some of the London cabmen, an English paper relates that a well-known essayist, on arriving one day at Victoria Station, asked to be driven to St. James' street. Cabby mistook him for a foreigner, and drove him this way and that—round by Sloane street, up by Park lane, and again round by Holborn, Chancery lane, the Strand, and Pall-Mall. "What a funny dog you are!" said the passenger to cabby, on getting out, as he handed him a shilling. The credit is awarded to cabby of having seen the joke, and grinned at his own expense.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUNTERS. — A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and, whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

DEARNESS OF RECOVERY.—A good story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits; I think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, drily. "The very first expression your lordship used, convinces me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart;* and now I am *Mr.* Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

A GOOD answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of our college days.

Professor —— had a peculiar red nose, so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point, the professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut propelled by some invisible hand, hurled across the room and came in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that, glancing off, it spun almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. F——," thundered out the professor, "that was you, sir; don't deny it, sir; your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think that I blush, sir?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush," retorted the professor, "your face is as red as a beet."

"Pardon me, sir," replied F——; "I think it's only the reflection of light; perhaps you looked at me over your nose."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wished to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love;" on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle, and was admitted.

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said:

"I have come to ask you——"

"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged——"

"O! O! water—quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father; "who says engaged?"

"I didn't mean," said Smithson, in conclusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you've always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long."

Thereupon, father and mother and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

BY A. M. M.

"He loves me not," she sighing said,
"He cannot say I am not kind;
It must be that my hue of head
Is not exactly to his mind;
It must be that my skin's too fair,
My eyes of too insipid blue,
And that he don't like hazel hair;
And so, to prove I'm fond and true,
Let art my poor defects supply,
For his dear sake I've sworn to DYE!"

She did! She soaked her tresses brown
In patent fluid, black as jet,
To candle straightness smoothed them down,
And stained herself a deep brunette;
Her eyes, with henna round the lids,
In oriental langnor drooped;
Her dress, as taste or "keeping" bids,
Was dark, and rich, and widely hooped,
And yet he passed indifferent by.
She wept—"For him once more I'll *dye!*"

This time she aimed at being blonde
As any Saxon dame of old;
She powdered, rouged; her hair, too, donned
The sheen of Auricomus gold;
She curled it to the very roots,
Most dazzling to the raptured sight,
And dressed herself from hat to boots,
In heavenly blue and angel white.
Yet he with coolness turned aside,
Though twice for him this maid had dyed.

In wild despair she rushed away
And doffed her artificial charms,
And when he came again next day,
He took her fondly to his arms.
With trembling joy and fond reproof
Her fate she told, her grief expressed.
He said—"For this I kept aloof,
I like thy natural aspect best,
No change so charms my heart and eye,
And so with thee I'll live and die."

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 3.—HEINRICH, THE GOATHERD.

This legend is centuries old, having been handed down from sire to son, by oral tradition, through many generations. Those of our readers who may have read Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" will doubtless perceive some similarity between Heinrich, the Goathord, and that deservedly-popular story.

In the wilds of the Hartz Forest there is a mountain, where the fairies and goblins dance by night, and where they say the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa still holds his court among the caverns. Now and then this celebrated ruler condescends to show himself to mortals. Sometimes he does this for the purpose of punishing those whom he dislikes; and on other occasions it is for the purpose of giving a rich present to some lucky wight whom he takes into his head to befriend.

This remarkable personage, according to accounts given of him by chroniclers, is reputed to sit on a throne of marble, with his red beard sweeping the ground; and once or twice in a long course of years he rouses himself for a while from the trance in which he is buried, but soon falls again into his former forgetfulness.

Numerous are the stories related by German writers of the adventures of belated travelers who have wandered over the Hartz Mountains, and strange chances have befallen many who have strayed within the range of the somnolent Emperor.

A great many years ago there lived in the village of Ilsenstein, at the foot of the mountain, one Heinrich, a goatherd. He was a simple-hearted, honest man enough, who was content with his humble calling. Every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side; and in the evening he sometimes thought it too far to drive his charge home, so he used, in such cases, to shut it up in a spot amongst the woods, where an old ruined wall was left standing, high enough to form a fold in which he could count his goats, and rest in peace for the night.

Poor Heinrich's habits were simple and innocent enough, yet, notwithstanding this, he was destined to be the dupe of fortune, who has been accustomed throughout all time to distribute her favors so indiscriminately and so unequally.

One evening, Heinrich found that the prettiest goat of his flock had vanished soon after they were driven into the field encompassed by the ruined wall. This was not by any means a singular circumstance—goats, sheep, and other domestic animals, will elude the vigilance of their keeper, and stray away from the fold; but what surprised Heinrich the most was, that the truant was there again in the morning. Again and again he watched, and the same strange thing happened. He pondered over the circumstance, but could not in any way satisfactorily account for it. Invariably at night the same goat was missing. He made up his mind to look still more closely into the matter, and soon succeeded in finding a cleft in the old wall, through which, it seemed, his favorite made her way.

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated Heinrich; "this is where she creeps through, is it? No wonder she is missing so often. The cunning brute, to keep the secret all to herself, and not let her companions know of her wanderings. However, when night comes on, I'll be even with my lady!"

He thought it advisable to leave the cleft in the wall alone, and therefore, made no attempt to stop the passage; but when night came on, and the fold were driven to their old resting-place, he watched the motions of the truant, whom he observed making towards the cleft in the wall. In the space of a few minutes after this, the animal was missing. Heinrich followed the goat, scrambling, as well as he could, down the side of the rock. He wondered not a little, on overtaking the animal, to find it employing itself, very much at its ease, in a cavern eating corn, which kept dropping down from some place above.

"Indeed it is not surprising," said Heinrich, "that the sagacious creature should be so glad to make her escape night after night, since there is any amount of dainty provender for her. By St. Hubert, but this is strange and wonderful! Where can this shower of corn come from?"

He went into the cavern, and looked about him, to see where all this corn that now rattled about his ears came from; but all was dark, and despite his efforts, he could find no clue to the mystery, which seemed to be altogether beyond elucidation.

"Well," he muttered, "it's something to get one's goats fed for nothing. The wisest thing I can do is to say nothing about this to anybody, but drive the whole flock every night. Ah, what was that?"

He ceased speaking, and listened attentively. He thought he heard the stamping and neighing of horses—anyway, some strange noise fell upon his ear.

"Horses!" exclaimed the goatherd. "That's impossible. Am I awake or dreaming? There again, I heard them snort!" He listened attentively. It was so. He felt positive that horses were feeding above him, and that corn fell from their mangers. He remained for some time in a state of breathless suspense, being awe-stricken at the strange and unlooked-for discovery. Passing his hand across his forehead, to clear the midst that seemed to pass before his eyes, he ejaculated, in a tone of surprise, "But where can the horses be? How is it possible they can be kept in a mountain where none but the goat's foot ever trod?"

As he reflected, his wonder grew greater and greater, when, on a sudden, a little page came forth and beckoned him to follow. Heinrich hesitated; a superstitious fear seemed to creep over him, and the power of locomotion was, for a brief period, denied him. The page, with a pleasant and encouraging smile on his features, continued to beckon.

"This is more wonderful still!" ejaculated poor Heinrich, sorely puzzled. "I never knew till this moment that noble or serf, saint or sinner, dwelt here; and I was bred and born in these parts. Can't you speak?" he said, suddenly becoming a little wearied of the page's gesticulations. "Oh, maybe he's dumb, poor fellow! In that case, he won't much mind my speaking so sharply to him."

Without more ado, he followed the page, and presently came to a courtyard, surrounded by an old wall. The spot seemed the bosom of the valley. Above, rose on every hand high masses of rock; wide-branching trees threw their arm overhead, so that nothing but a glimmering twilight made its way through. And here, on the cool and smooth well-cut lawn, were twelve old knights, who looked very grave and sober, but were amusing themselves with a game of nine-pins. The poor goatherd hardly knew how to conduct himself in such goodly company. He was, however, much pleased to find that the knights did not appear to take much notice of him; in fact, he was under the impression that they ignored his presence altogether. He was, however, soon dispossessed of this idea; for when all the nine pins were down, they ordered him, by dumb signs, to busy himself in setting up the pins. He obeyed, and stuck them up each time after they had been knocked down.

"Heaven protect and preserve me!" murmured the goathead, as his knees knocked together; "but I do wonder who these gentlemen are, and when it's likely they will finish their game?"

He contrived to snatch a stolen sidelong glance at the long beards and old-fashioned dresses of the worthy knights. Presently, when the first surprise had passed away, he grew a little bolder, until, at last, he plucked up his heart so far as to take a turn in the draught at the can which stood beside him, and sent up the smell of the richest of old wine.

"Goodness me, but the old gentlemen keep some rare stuff in their cellars. I never placed my lips to anything equal to this."

The wine he quaffed seemed to give him renewed strength for his work; and as often as he flagged at all, he turned to the same kind friend to help him in his need. It seemed to him that the worthy old knights would never tire of their game, which was conducted in such a grave and decorous manner as to afford considerable interest and pleasure to the goatherd, who witnessed it. He never could have believed that it would have proved so interesting to him. Mechanically, and no longer with any sense of fatigue, he placed up the nine-pins after they had been knocked down. So he continued on for hours, until a sense of drowsiness stole over him, till, at length, sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, he found himself stretched out upon the same old spot where he had folded his flock. The same green turf was spread beneath, and some tottering walls surrounded him. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goat was to be seen, and when he looked about him again, the grass seemed to be longer under his feet, and trees hung over his head which he had either never seen before or had forgotten.

Shaking his head, and hardly knowing if he were in his right mind, he wound his way among the mountain steeps, through paths where his flocks were wont to wander; but still not a goat was to be seen. He heaved a sigh, which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart; he glanced around at the scene presented to his view. Below him, in the plain, lay the village where his home was; and at length he took the downward path, and set out with a heavy heart in search of his flock. The people who met him, as he drew near the village, were all unknown to him; they were not even dressed as his neighbors were, and they seemed as if they hardly spoke the same tongue; and when he eagerly asked for goats, they only stared and stroked their chins. Some of them, however, exchanged significant glances, and plainly intimated that the poor goatherd was evidently nothing more than a wandering imbecile. Placing his hand to his chin, in imitation of those whom he met, Heinrich was surprised and horrified to find that his beard was grown a foot long, and, in addition to this, its color was changed—being no longer of a russet hue, but of a silvery whiteness.

"The world," said he, "is turned upside down, or, at any rate, bewitched. Everything seems altered. Perchance I have not shaken off the fumes of that rare old wine. And yet—this beard and those people?"

He gazed furtively around. He knew the mountain and its woody heights; he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, all of which were in the same places as he had always known them. He heard some children, too, call the village by its own name, as a traveler, that happened to be passing by, asked his way.

Again he shook his head, and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! it looked sadly out of repair; and in the court-yard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, by the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he ought to know, but who snarled and barked in his face, when the troubled and puzzled Heinrich spoke to him.

"How comes it that this cottage presents so different an appearance to what it did yesterday?" said he. "It looks as if it had been falling into ruins for years past, and yet my senses do not deceive me. It is most assuredly my home. Home!" He started after he had repeated this word, and pressed his hands against his throbbing temples. He arose soon after this, and went in at an opening in the wall, where a door had once stood, but to his utter dismay, he found all so dreary and empty that he staggered out again like a drunken man, and called his wife and children loudly by their names; but no one heard—at least, no one answered him. He felt so depressed, that it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to restrain the tears which rose to his eyes.

"A plague upon those old gentlemen, for continuing their game for so long a time! Had I anticipated all this, I would not have followed their silent but obsequious messenger. The next time they want to play at nine-pins, they will have to set them up themselves. Never more will I be tempted to make one of their company."

A crowd of women and children had by this time flocked around the long, gray-bearded man, whom they surveyed with eyes of wonderment. Heinrich regarded them for some time without speaking. Presently, he walked on a few paces, and the crowd followed, and—as is usually the case when curiosity has been once excited—very considerably increased in numbers.

"All the people of the village seem to be turning out to look at me, as though I were some strange animal," exclaimed Heinrich, who by this time was beginning to lose patience. "What are you gaping at?" he cried.

"At you!" said a little girl in the crowd.

"At me?"

"Yes," answered an old woman; "no wonder. Who are you?"

"Who am I? Well, this is beyond a joke. Don't you know me?"

All present burst out into a scornful laugh at this query.

"I shall go mad, I'm sure I shall!" muttered the disconcerted goatherd. "They will drive me to desperation!" Then, addressing the crowd, he said, "Hark ye, neighbors, you appear to be having it all your own way. I don't understand why you have chosen to play these pranks—merely to torment me, I suppose. Let there be an end to it; the joke has been carried far enough!"

"Joke!" said a man in the crowd. "If there be one, it is of your own making. Come away, neighbor; the poor man is daft, so we won't tease him by remaining longer."

At these words, the crowd began to disperse.

"Stay!" cried Heinrich. "A word or two with you before you go!"

Having arrested their progress by these words, he came to a pause. He hardly knew what question to put. It seemed so odd to ask other people at his own door, after his wife and children; he preferred, therefore, to inquire after some one whom he had known, and who was not related to him.

"I want to see Hans, the blacksmith," said he; "can any of you tell me where he's gone, as I see he's left his old place?"

No one seemed disposed to answer this question. Most of them held their tongues, and stared at the speaker. At last, however, an old woman said; "He went these seven years ago to a place that you will not reach to-day."

"Went away seven years ago!"

"Yes, he is dead!"

"And, pray, where does Franz, the tailor, live now?" inquired Heinrich.

"Heaven help the man!" ejaculated an old beldame upon crutches. "He has laid these ten years in a house that he'll never leave!"

Heinrich looked at the old woman, and shuddered as saw her to be one of his old friends, only with a strangely altered face; indeed her features gave evidence of the ravages committed by the ruthless hand of time. All wish to ask further questions was gone; the heart of the poor goatherd seemed to sink within him. Presently, a young woman made her way through the gaping throng, with a baby in her arms, and a little girl about three years old clinging to the other hand.

All three looked the very image of his wife.

"Your name—tell me your name?" asked he, wildly.

"My name is Imma," answered the woman, with the utmost composure.

At the sound of her voice the senses of the poor goatherd seemed to reel, its tones were so familiar to him.

Again addressing her, he said, "And your father's name—for the love of mercy tell me?"

"Heaven bless him!—Heinrich. It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the mountain. His flock came back, but he was never heard of any more. I was then seven years old."

"Twenty years!" exclaimed the goatherd, his knees knocking together, and his whole frame trembling. "Imma, speak again! Do you not know me? I am Heinrich, your long lost father!"

He threw his arms round the neck of Imma, and embraced her passionately.

All stood gaping, and not knowing what to think, till, at length, one voice was heard: "Why, it's Heinrich!" And then several others cried, "Yes, it is, indeed, Heinrich! Welcome, neighbor—welcome home, after an absence of twenty long years!"

DESPONDENCY.—What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Never despond, friendly reader, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be gilded by sunshine, we must not, for mere momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

BEWARE of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an itch to tell it again.

A POET who fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

THERE are some who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practise either one or the other.

IT may afford some encouragement to a mind in distress, to remember that the narrowest part of a defile is often nearest the open field.

A SCRIMMAGE WITH A TIGER.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

Several years ago now, when residing in the East Indies, early one morning, as I sat in my verandah at early tea, I received a hasty note from my friend, Captain H., intimating that a "kill," *i. e.*, that a tiger had killed a cow, having taken place at Telowlie, some four miles off, he proposed looking up the tiger, and gave me due notice in case I wished to share the fun.

Of course I was soon ready to be off, and dispatched my servants with a small battery of breech and barrel loaders to H.'s bungalow, waiting his arrival with what patience I might. At ten o'clock he rode up, bringing a camel for my use; and the elephants and beaters having gone on ahead, we cantered on leisurely.

An hour's easy riding brought us to the rendezvous, where a pretty and exciting scene greeted us.

Under the mango trees were grouped about eighty-six beaters, elephants, sowars or native cavalrymen, and volunteers from the village, all eager for the work, and breathing out death and destruction to the tiger, which they affirmed to be one I had followed and lost two years before. After some talk and difference of opinion as to the best way of working the jungle, H. and I started on foot for the "mool," where we arranged to post ourselves as the likeliest place for the tiger breaking cover; I clambered up one tree and he another, and when conveniently seated, sent back word for the beaters to commence proceedings, which they speedily did in their usual fashion, kicking up noise enough to rouses the manes of every defunct cow in the district. Shouting, beating tom-toms, blowing horns, and, in short, making such a hullabaloo as only natives can make, and which was calculated to drive a tiger from its lair, is strangely exciting.

In a short time the noise begins to take effect; deer of various sorts break and gallop past, now one of the pretty chelul, or spotted deer, now a lordly samba, now a nilgau, now a couple of pea-fowl—the last runs close to the ground. Sometimes, if a jungle is a little open, the tiger can be seen for a considerable time before coming within shot, and then, as with straining eyes you watch him stealthily, cat-like creep, how the nerves tingle, and what speculation as to whether the first chance will be yours crowd on the brain! Man is a selfish animal at all times, but never more so than when hunting. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is surely the hunter's motto, and the best temper in the world would show a rough side when the chances of a good shot are balked.

Our first "draw" was a blank, so we held counsel as to our next move, and finally elected to try another patch of jungle.

H. and I scrambled to our new trees, and I was busily employed lighting my pipe, when I heard a whisper below me, and looking down, descried H., gesticulating violently. Slipping down, I heard:

"Look sharp, the tiger's afoot; we must get back."

Back we went, scrambling into the best trees we could find; mine was a miserable sapling, the effort to perch on which gave me cramp, and nearly upset me in more ways than one.

Bang, jingle, roar, shrick, went the beaters, and then I forgot my misery. Sdddenly I heard the firing of a rifle-shot near, followed by a low whistle, the signal that the tiger was hit. Down H. and I jumped, making for the elephant, to follow up the wounded animal. But the first shot, fired by one of the sowars, had been mortal; and so, having put a couple of barrels into her to make certain, we lugged a fine full-grown tigress out of the scrub. This was not bad. But we knew the male was near somewhere, so another beat was arranged, and the coolies had scarcely cleared their throats, when out bounded a splendid tiger. H. had the first chance, but could not get a shot, and before the brute was in my range, a sowar fired a snap shot that hit him hard, though too far back to be fatal. He was then just under my tree, and the challenge he roared back actually seemed to shake me; on he crashed through the bushes, disappearing from our sight.

Stealthily descending, we gave him time to lie down, and then, mounting the elephants, followed him. My luck was in the ascendant now, as before we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I caught sight of the tiger crouching under the thick foliage of a bush. Pointing him out to H., I fired right and left, and as he made no sign, I concluded I had finished him off, but H., thinking not, gave him an ounce ball with one of Jacob's shells; the effect was startling, to say the least of it; with a roar like thunder, he made right at us. There was no use firing; he was desperate—mad with rage and pain. Before we know well what we might expect, he was on the elephant, and though too badly wounded to make a spring, was clinging round the animal's off foreleg with no loving embrace. Then began a struggle I can never forget; the elephant trying to kneel on his antagonist, both roaring, bellowing, and writhing together, while H. and I, holding on like grim death, were making frantic efforts to get a shot at him under the elephant's belly.

At last, gathering strength for a death-spring, the tiger pulled the elephant over, and down we all came. I was stunned, but have a faint remembrance of the horrible leap, rolling in the dust together, and H. pulling me up after he fired a finishing shot. Then we rolled behind some bushes, while the elephant dashed off straight for home, trumpeting furiously.

Not caring to risk a closer acquaintanceship with our gallant friend until sure that he was not only stunned or stupefied, which is sometimes the case, we made a long circuit, and coming up with the beaters, brought back a party to secure the tiger.

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow I never saw—measuring ten feet eleven inches, and with a hide like a thoroughbred's.

We returned to our bungalows to discuss pale ale and sandwich, of course, and to smoke a pipe in honor of our safe return, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, and thanking God for having spared our lives in so dangerous an encounter.

SORROW can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with other's welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

SOME men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.

UP A TREE.

From France, that land of romance, comes a new and pathetic story. A young man, in the bloom of health and vigor, was engaged to be married to a beauteous maid. This ingenuous youth had one eye fixed on the main chance, and arranged with his future father-in-law that on the day of his marriage certain real estate should be transferred to him. The memorable morning arrived; the air was laden with the perfume of flowers, the birds sang, and the villagers held a festival similar to those seen in Italian operas. The bridal party reached the chapel, which lay ensconced among traditionary elms. Through its churchyard meandered a streamlet whose silvery ripples glistened in the morning sun. Punctual to the time, the *cure* arrived and took a preliminary pinch of snuff as he surveyed the people before him. Everybody settled into his or her allotted place. The ceremony was about to be commenced, when it suddenly struck the bride that the bridegroom was *non est*. Clasping her hand to her heart, with a piercing shriek she fell senseless. Clear as a bell above the clamor that ensued, was heard the voice of the father calling upon his friends to go in search of the missing one. High and low they hunted, but the game could not be found. At last they discovered the object of their search comfortably ensconced among the spreading branches of a lofty oak. On being requested to descend, he inquired "if they saw anything green about him," to those below, who, having their eyes on his surroundings, replied "Plenty." In the midst of an interchange of violent epithets, he gave a characteristic remark somewhat to the effect that "he be blamed if he would till that there real estate was transferred." While the bride was thus bowed down in anguish, and the bridegroom was boughed up in the tree, the father-in-law tore his hair, and amid sobs and tears urged the unreasonable nature of the request, but to no effect. Finally the document was brought forth, duly signed, and the recalcitrant bridegroom slid down the tree. After the necessary repairs had been made in his pantaloons, with his *rentes* secured and his rents sewn up, the bridegroom adjourned with the rest of the party to the chapel. The bride recovered from her faint, the *cure* took a fresh pinch of snuff, and the knot was tied.

THE henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

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The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In accordance with the expressed wishes of many of our correspondents, we shall give in this number some hints concerning the making up of that very indispensable article in our severe winters—the waterproof cloak. This material, as doubtless most of our readers are aware, is brought out in all the dark shades. To our taste none are more acceptable than a deep black, or else dark blue or purple. We have received several very attractive models of such wraps, both for grown persons and children. For the former, the taste seems to be for the long loose sacque, cut gored, but of ample fulness to envelop well the figure. Some have a watteau plait tied at the back, continued until it reaches the waist, where it is allowed to fall free. We will describe a model of this style, which had the plait adorned with large polished black wooden buttons, placed at regular intervals from the neck to the waist; the cape to this garment was quite long and slashed up the back, the edges bound with Hercules braid, and falling open, revealed the watteau plait of the sacque. It had no sleeves; merely armholes to admit of the hand, also bound with the braid. It was buttoned from the throat to the feet with the same large black wooden buttons which ornamented the plait behind. A double row of the braid was placed around the cape.

Another model was cut in the form, also, of a long loose sacque, but so slightly gored as to leave sufficient fulness in the back breadth to have it laid in four large kilt plaits; these plaits were held in place, just at the waist, by a band of the material, bound on either side with braid, and fastening in the middle with a vulcanite buckle. Loose sleeves, with deep cuffs, were made for this model; and a long cape, with hood attached, that could be worn at will. It was, like the other, buttoned down the front with polished wooden buttons. The material was purple waterproof.

Yet another model was loose and flowing, with double-breasted front and deep cape, looped half up the middle and caught by two rosettes of dark purple gros grain ribbon. A broad sailor collar gave a stylish finish to this garment.

A charming style for young girls and children was of dark blue waterproof, with the back full, and held in place at the waist by a band of the same bound with braid, and finished with a fanciful buckle and square tabs. A gathered hood, silk lined, and completed with a heavy silk cord and tassels, was attached, but could be removed at will. The sleeves were the ordinary coat sleeves, cut very loose, and with a deep square cuff, trimmed with three rows of narrow Hercules braid and two vulcanite or smoked pearl buttons. A deep outer pocket was placed at the right side, and buttons to correspond with those upon the sleeve closed the front.

While we are describing a garment appropriate for a little girl or school girl, it will not be amiss to say a few words concerning costumes for the "little men."

Already we have described the kilted suits which one sees now everywhere. They, however pretty, have become so general for wear, that many fastidious mammas are becoming tired of them, and desire something newer. We have seen an improvement upon such costumes for little boys of two, three, and even four years of age. It consists of two pieces, not including a little shirt of linen or percales. The skirt, which comes down well below the knee, is laid in kilt plaits and fastened at the left side, very much as the ordinary kilt suit is arranged. The seam, however, which laps over, is bound with a bias of silk, or else wide silk braid to correspond with the color of the cloth. Beyond this is an edge of embroidery. It is at the option of the mamma to have it "broderie Anglaise" or else a strip of the cloth wrought in a small pattern in silk twist. Six bias bands of silk, pointed at one end and fastened with a large pearl button, are placed upon the front, not laid straight across, but slantwise. This skirt is attached to a little bodice without sleeves, but with straps to pass over the shoulders. Under this is worn a plaited shirt of linen or fine striped percale. The sacque to complete this costume is very long, coming down to the knees, made loose, and with the back slashed in three places. It is bound about the edge with the bias of silk, or else the silk braid, and edged with the strip of embroidery. On either front are placed pieces of bias silk, fastened with the pearl buttons to correspond with the trimming or the skirt. Large square pockets are placed on each side, just under the arm, trimmed with the bias stripe of silk and pearl buttons. Square cuffs, similarly trimmed, finish the coat sleeve. A band completes the neck, over which is to be worn a large white linen sailor collar edged with Valenciennes lace.

We have had some charming models for matelasse silk sacques for the promenade or carriage wear, trimmed with fur, either silver fox, bands of seal or Astracan or Alaska sable. A small muff of the silk bordered with fur, and a small boa, make up the set.

We have numerous other models for wraps and pardessus for autumn wear; but, as a late Parisian journal remarks concerning the lateness of the warm season, "l'ete n'avait pas dit son dernier mot"—"the summer has not yet said her last word," and consequently we shall reserve descriptions of heavy wraps for the "gray cold" days of late November.

A charming toilette for the promenade is of violet silk. The skirt has seven flounces, alternately wide and narrow, on the back breadths; bias folds head them. The front breadth has a kilt plaiting from the knee down; three bias folds cross it, at regular intervals, and are held down by bows of the silk cut bias, and bound on the edges with the same. Above the kilt plaits is a small upright frill. The overdress is quite short in front, rounding off at the sides, and terminating in two straight widths of the silk, put on in two bias plaits and caught up in two light pouffs, or *bouillones*, edged. The basque is short in the back, long at the sides, and trimmed with three flat bias bands of the silk overlapping. Sleeves half tight, with a pleated frill set on half across the width of the sleeve below the elbow. The remaining half is plain, and has a small revers which meets the frill. Crotchet buttons of violet silk twist close the front. A standing ruff of violet silk lined with white faille is laid in what are termed "rose pleats," just at the back of the neck; it is then carried plainly towards the back, where it terminates in revers.

A hat of gray English straw, trimmed with an upright bow and loops of violet velvet at the back, and at the left side a cluster of shaded Marguerites, and a ring of blended gold and green. Directly in front is a double bow of the velvet, from which springs an aigrette of fine jet, with a spray of jet oats. Woolen fringe will be much used upon cloth stuffs, and also ball fringes. Feather trimming and bands of fur will be much used for velvet and some of the finer cloths. Yak lace, beaded with fine jet, is much in vogue for trimming silks. What is known as tubular braid is much used for polonaises and over wraps. Large ostrich plumes will be worn with what is styled the "Mercutio" bonnet or hat, which has a wide spreading rim. The "plume de coq" is most popular for felt hats, and indeed, any kind that is worn for second best, because of its durability and the fact of its not being injured by damp weather.

We mentioned, in our last number, that we intended to give special attention to obtaining new and appropriate designs for ladies' and childrens' underwear. We have obtained, we are happy to inform our fair readers, a number of beautiful patterns for such garments, which we can furnish to any address, either by mail or express, with the price per pattern prepaid. We will mention again that any one desiring us to reply to questions by mail, must enclose postage stamps for reply, otherwise they will be answered under head of "Correspondents" through the columns of the POST, or not at all.

NIXON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALAINE LORMA.—Yes, we can furnish you the cards, of the kind you desire. They will cost from $1 to $3 a hundred, according to quality.

BETTIE AND ANNIE.—No; it is not too early to begin making up your gifts for Christmas, especially when in the form of slippers, cushions, etc. We can furnish any patterns you desire.

MISS ELLA M.—Your very tasteful ideas concerning the making of your lilac and gray silk are quite correct, and accord well with the present modes. Nothing we admire so much as originality in all things. Let us add the suggestion of a half tight sleeve to the elbow, falling from thence in a pleated frill, instead of the large open sleeve.

MRS. J. H. B.—You will find an answer to your question concerning the dress of your little boy of three years of age, in our columns for this week. Certainly you can wear a hat, if you prefer it to a bonnet. Your being thirty, or even forty, would make no difference. Take our advice and never consent to being laid upon the shelf as *passee;* only those are old who have lost their youth of heart—years are nothing in comparison with feelings.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

No. 5.—STABBED IN THE BACK.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Believing myself in an incubus state, I feebly raised myself upon my elbow and looked about me. An evenly spread, glistening moonlight lay upon the sandy barren stretch of plain. A faint, intermittent breeze struck my face and drifted over me, and the whole wandering air was loaded with the extract of flowers and the evening distilled odors of the sandal tree. At first, in my confusion, I thought I heard the rumble of the jarring sea; but as it grew fainter and fainter, I realized that the rush of blood, owing to my sudden awakening and struggling to rise, was ebbing out of the throbbing and swollen arteries of my head.

How came I there? What had happened? I gave a desperate spring to stand upon my feet, or to awaken myself, I hardly knew which; the action tearing the sore and gummy lips of my wounds from the clothing adhering to them, and like a spent war-horse, with an agonized groan I tumbled headlong upon the sand again.

It came back then, the fierce encounter—the blows—the left for dead under the Australian sky. Left for dead! It might as well have been so. That was a rehearsal—this the act itself.

How thoughts travel at such times. The lightning flash was, or is, its only counterpart. But what sound had aroused my benumbed faculties? Ah, there it is. The dismal, foreboding cry of the short-eared, wolfish wild dog. Heavens! what if they have smelled the blood and are scouring towards me? They *are;* and how am I to defend myself? At that instant another terrible revelation comes to me. *Tom!* where is he? In spite of my agony, I rose to my feet now, and gazed to the right and the left. Nothing but sand! Before me—sand. Turning around, my blurred vision discovers a dark blotch on the plain. Ah! I reel dizzily, slump in the loose soil and fall, jarring my sore cuts until I groan and hiss and groan again. But I *must* know what that dark spot is yonder under the moon. I crawl stiffly forward, hearing the nearer yelps of the short, snarling-lipped dingo.

It's Tom, dead and stiff as a log, all cut up and bloody so that I recognize him only by his clothes and his hat. The dogs are nearer. What shall I do? Oh! there's a flash by Tom's hip, and, heaven be praised, I pick up one of his revolvers, left by overnight by the freebooters; and it's loaded. But hear the dogs, and look at this slumpy plain, without a tree to lean my back against. I can't fight off the attack of a mole, with my shaking feet pitting the sand into post holes with every step.

Must I die so ignominiously, after all my dreams and aspirations? Many a one has done so ere my time; many another will.

Hark! a long, inquiring neigh from the gum trees to the west of me. A rush of tears from my hot, smarting eyes, and a vain attempt to give the whistle call. My horse! my horse! Again his voice questions the solemn night. A sudden thrill of strength—I get my chin propped between my palms, with a mighty will power collect my breath as it would seem through the lips of every protesting wound, and emit the clear, jerky whistle. Again, and I hear a quivering squeal, and I know that Boanerges is dimpling the barrens with the strokes of his steel-rimmed heels.

There in the shadowless moonlight, Boanerges reaches down to me, and I reach up to him. I tangle my shaking fingers in his leonine mane, and call:

"Hi! back, sir, back!"

And he pulls up carefully, and I am on my feet again, walking my hands one over the other along his mane, and then holding hard I get my foot in the stirrup, and massing my latent forces, and making a dozen futile efforts, accompanied with excruciating twitches of my patient steed's back hair, at last, in a subdued manner, quite free from conceit and my usual free style, I am in the saddle.

Boanerges is willing—we head for the station; and the dogs, with scenting muzzles and palpitating flus of hair upon their backs, scuffle across the plain to—ugh! I hate to say it—their banquet.

Leaning forward, with my hands holding yet their desperate tangle in his mane, I find myself too weak to remonstrate, as Boanerges churns my rent flesh together, and, by-and-bye, there is a dimming picture of moonlight evenly over a shadowless plain, some low, moving, scuffling, snarling animals, and a body awaiting unholy burial; while——

* * * * * * *

"Ta-ra-rah-rah!" the bugle blows outside, and a heavy voice, in confident tones, speaks near me.

"By my scalp! if he isn't coming out all right after all. It's next to impossible to kill a fellow until he says die."

It all came back to me then. What great friends Tom Dempster and I had been, after I got rid of my first unaccountable aversion of him; how I had watched his gradual promotion with pleasure; and how we planned, at no distant day, to locate an immense sheep-ranche with the surplus funds of mine, secured by fortunate speculations in the mines, and now safely deposited in Melbourne. We had been so inseparable in our plans and movements that, at the station, we were pleasantly dubbed "the brothers in arms."

We had started that fatal morning on business to some of the mines about Murray river, I awaiting his return from several days' absence, rather than take another companion. Not more than ten or twelve miles from the station—we had started late in the day so as to cross the sandy stretch in the evening—a party of outlaws had swooped down upon us; and however desperately we fought, they were too many—and I have described my awakening, the moonlighted scene, and the coming into the station.

"You left Tom dead, you say?"

The surgeon asked me this after he had reduced my obstinate wounds to a more yielding state.

"Dead as a stone, lying in a red trough where he had wallowed in dying, and a mortar of blood-mixed sand piled half over him."

"Did you attempt to retreat?"

"Did we, indeed? It was death—ten against two of us—whether we fought or fled. It seemed better to stand my ground."

"How came you off your horses. Did you dismount?"

"I was dismounted. Every separate limb in my body had a place in it hot, sore and smarting, and a feeling like a hammer beating on raw flesh; then I got blind when a bayonet hooked into my shoulder, and lifted and slid me off my horse."

"This was all?"

"Mostly, and yet—and yet——"

"What is it? Only a fancy?"

"That is all, perhaps."

"Do you think that you fell on your back?"

"I must have done so, as my face was upturned when I got back my senses. I could not have turned when unconscious. With every faculty strained to the utmost, I only got over by inches at last."

"You looked at Tom's body before——"

"Before the dogs had set in their teeth—yes. And took the pistol—I had it when I came in—from his belt."

"Did the outlaws circle around you during the contest?"

"They did not need to; there wasn't time. Why?"

"I am afraid that you are talking too much, but it is strange."

"No, let me have it."

"You were stabbed in the back, aimed for your heart, a nervous hand turned it out among the ribs."

"A friendly nudge after I was down."

"Yes, doubtless; here's an opiate, your eyes are as filmy as those of a fish."

I drank the potion and slept.

* * * * * * *

Colonel Hunniford, in whose family I found a home when weary or dispirited, had brought out to that beautiful but lonely land, a wife and two daughters. Eleanor, the elder, without being strictly beautiful, was one of the most striking, remarkable and fascinating women that I ever beheld. Perhaps in such a country, under similar circumstances, all women of the civilized races are prizes; at least, I imagine that there was a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subaltern's ribs, when the fact became generally known that a dashing young English gentleman, ornamentally attached to Hunniford's staff, was engaged to, and on the eve of marriage with her. It is nowise likely that each and every young man about the military station thought that she might be his, but so long as she might be unwon, a vague satisfaction pervaded each breast.

Being a sort of *protege* to Colonel Hunniford I was much at his house, and from his lips first heard of Eleanor's approaching nuptials. In due season I met the prospective groom. I imbibed a sickening dislike of him at first. He had a dash and effrontery that when felt to be genuine has a fascination about it for both sexes. But in his case, it seemed to me to be assumed for effect. He certainly was very handsome, lion-built, supple and graceful, with thick black hair, and a moustache that might stuff a moderate sized bolster, but his coppery-brown, vindictive eyes, under the heavy black brows, made a creeping sensation run up and down my back, whenever I met his glance. His dark, full face was flushed with the hue that is the sure insignia of strong drink, but he came with the credentials of a younger son of English aristocracy; wore a diamond ring, and speculated in property with liberal outlay. But I got up so reprehensible a nervous headache fighting and struggling with some indefinable memory of him, that I could not shut my eyes for the night, and the more I thought of his baleful stare at me, when, coming in unannounced, he found Eleanor and myself in a playful wrangle over a dilapidated bouquet, the harder I smoked and the heavier my temples throbbed.

By-and-by, I mapped out my plans. Getting, innocently, into conversation with Colonel Hunniford, I made a few memoranda on my tablets, and having an uncle in Liverpool, I opened a correspondence with him, etc. The etc. covering future developments, wherein I could not trace out the Englishman's antecedents.

The period of which I am now writing was nearly a year after that night on the moon-lighted sand, concerning which I have written, and my business had been such that I had hugged closely about the military post. And I don't mind telling you what my business was—to find out who had, during my months' severe illness in the hospital ward at the station, forged my note and drawn the greater portion of my deposits at Melbourne. As my pocket-book and memoranda had been taken that night, along with every other available article on my person, it was easy to get at the money matters.

But whether the old fellow acting as banker was as innocent as he pretended, or whether he was an accomplice, I could not make out; but I worked on ceaselessly and secretly.

One evening, following cautiously after Miss Hunniford's affianced, I found, as I expected, that he had entered a gambling den. A short time after, taking along with me a brave young fellow of my acquaintance, I also passed within the gilded portals leading to the pit. Play was at its height on every side. Stationing myself across the saloon, I watched Jesslar, the younger son of brave old English stock, and to this day that statement may remain true, for all that I know; but both himself and his antagonist being strongly under the influence of liquor, a dispute as to unfair dealing arose, and after a few short, sharp words, both parties drew their revolvers, and before any one, had they chosen, could have interfered, they exchanged shots, and then Jesslar, mortally wounded, whirled on his heel and deliberately aimed the second time at me and fired. The ball passed through my hair and scalloped the rim of my ear. I had hold of his pistol arm the next instant, and was bearing the assassin to the floor, not dreaming, at the moment, that he was mortally wounded.

"Missed you again!" he hissed, with a fearful oath.

"*Again!*" I questioned.

"*Again!*" he repeated. "You are not to be killed."

In the immediate confusion and hubbub the pistol was knocked from my grasp. As I stooped to recover it, some little filigree mark upon it attracted my attention.

Saints of heaven! For more than a year I had carried its mate in my belt! It was Tom Dempster's Derringer!

"And you?" I asked, bending over Jesslar, for I heard some one say "He's dying."

The high color induced by free drinking had ebbed from his face, the baleful fire of his eye was changing, and with a quick gesture he pulled away the fierce moustache, revealing the short, scarred upper lip of Dempster himself.

I recoiled from the dying assassin, whom I had once thought my friend, while, like a lightning flash, past events ran through my brain. My confidence in him; the knowledge of my rich deposits; his mysterious absence before we started together, and the preconcerted attack of his brother outlaws; the subsequent drawing of my money, ere the affair was known, how he had planned it, leaving one of the freebooters, whom my good pistol had brought down at the onset, with his own coat and hat and one of his Derringers for chance identification.

Yes, all this in an instant had passed through my mind; but, oh! the worst sting came when I recalled that sickening, smarting blow which in my half unconscious state I had believed to be only a fresh throb of a former wound; but, instead, it had been a stab in the back!

But his hatred of me? I turned to question him. The gray hue of death had crept over his features. His soul was gone. There was only one probable solution of the mystery that ever presented itself to my mind. Probably some time before I had aided in recapturing him, with other escaped criminals, for which he had planned the assassin's revenge.

Eleanor Hunniford, stunned at first by the revelation of Jesslar's character, did not choose to waste her life by reason of misplaced affection, and soon recovered her usual serenity.

THE HUMAN HIVE.

Men have been compared to bees, and divided into two classes, workers and drones, living always under rulers—whether queens, kings, presidents or chiefs. It seems to us that a different division might well be made, classing men in three great bodies, the idlers, the doers and the going-to-doers. Of the latter class, what a vast multitude occupy the human hive. Men and women not wanting in natural parts; not deficient in mental and physical ability, but devoid of the mainsprings of purpose and will. They are procrastinators, putters-off until to-morrow, or some future time, which they know ought to be done to-day. Their sense of the necessity of action is sufficiently acute, but a sort of waking nightmare broods over their decision, and they defer until by-and-by. They are eternally going to do. The consequence is obvious—they find their duties and difficulties increased by delay, until at length, irritated by the results of their own indecision, they tax fortune and providence for their lack of accomplishment in the world. For that which ought to be done *now*, there is no absolute *by-and-by*. The present is the time of which we are certain; and whatever vision we cast forward, or however we shape our labors of the moment in view of the hereafter, nothing is surely accomplished but what is *done*. To do, then, is the great duty. Do first that which ought to be done first—do the work of to-day within to-day—do something momently, and do good always, and whether we wake with the sun's rise, or sleep on with those who know no waking, our life account will be "fair and square."

THE Unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the Unknown; thought, meditation, prayer, are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

THE truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honor that is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.

Do not wait supinely for opportunity to come to you; but go and seek her in the highways and hedges.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The Fashion Editress will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

A. E. S. (Greenville.)—There are no less than twenty-three persons of the name you mention in the Philadelphia Directory. Which of them do you allude to?

GRACE.—Send the engravings to the nearest town to you where there is a bookbinder. The cost of binding them would depend altogether upon the style in which you wish to have them done up.

TAT B.—We hardly like to advise you what to do without seeing for ourselves, and therefore recommend you to ask any medical man what would be the best thing for you to do under the circumstances.

J. P. J.—An excellent compound, one of the very best we know of, to restore vitality to the roots of the hair when it is impaired, and the hair falls out, is made of a teaspoonful of rum mixed with six of olive oil, to be rubbed into the scalp every morning. If you choose, you can scent it with a few drops of perfume.

LIZZIE.—To dry the grass you speak of; for pink get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water; for red, logwood and alum; for blue, indigo blue; and all other colors that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye, which will answer the same purpose.

JENNIE.—You should have consulted your mother on the subject rather than the editor of a paper. It is always the part of wisdom for daughters to consult and confide in their mothers. This, however, you can rely upon, that any young gentleman who pays attentions to two young ladies at the same time, is not one whom we should look upon as an honorable man, by any means.

G. P. O.—Of course you had a perfect right to take the gentleman to whom you were engaged at his word, when he wrote to you saying that he considered "the engagement at an end, and should marry whomsoever he pleased, without regard to your feelings." His pretence, now, that "he wrote it in fun," and "didn't mean anything by it," will not answer, and he must abide the consequences of his folly.

B. T.—Galvanism is a term used to denote the influence of metals by mere external contact with the human body. In the year 1792, was published a work on animal electricity by Dr. Galvani, of Bologna. His discoveries were made principally with dead frogs. He first discovered that a dead frog, skinned, was capable of having its muscles brought into action by means of electricity, and then he pushed the newly-found art still further.

B. L. M.—If you have no society in the place where you live, you should spend your leisure time in reading and study. Now are your golden opportunities for acquiring useful information, and for laying in such stores of knowledge as will be a blessing to you in after years. The tone of your letter shows a mind not at ease, and not contented with your lot. Study is just the very thing to correct these and give you contentment of mind and heart.

COUSIN.—A great deal has been said on both sides of the question of marriage of cousins; the preponderance of evidence, it seems to us, to indicate that they should not intermarry, as the issue of such marriage is apt to be physically imperfect, though there are some writers of the highest ability and reputation who do not accept this view. We are afraid, however, that this question of marriage can never be regulated with direct reference to future generations.

D. N.—Considering the great expenditure of time and labor that is required of the author of a first-class play, unless he is a well-known and popular writer, the many chances of his manuscript ever being read by the manager, and even in that case the chances against its production, and the certainty of delay, it is no matter of surprise that there are so few whom we hear of as new and successful writers in that line. A man without some practical knowledge for the stage cannot write for the stage; and, therefore, if you are ignorant, as you say, of everything relating to a theatre, it would be simply a waste of time for you to think of writing a play.

E. D.—"Though the question is one, perhaps, not altogether in your line, still I should be very much obliged if you can tell me of some remedy for mange. I have a dog which has had this disorder for some time, and nothing that I have tried seems to do any good." For remedy give four drops of arsenic liquor twice a day; apply externally green iodide of mercury one part and lard sixteen parts. This must be used very sparingly, and only applied to a part of the place affected each day—say over about six inches in length at each application. One application will generally cure the part touched; but if not, proceed to the next, and go over the whole surface in this way, then repeat the operation. This ointment should be well rubbed, and the dog should be kept perfectly dry till the cure is effected. The arsenic liquid should be given for a week.

S. W. F.—"A young lady forms the acquaintance and receives calls from a young gentleman attending college in the same place where she resides. Upon an invitation from him, by letter, after he has left college, she, accompanied by her mother, pays him a two weeks' visit at his home in another State. Was this proper, and according to the rules of etiquette?" At the first thought we should have said that it was not "proper," but there must have been some other circumstances attending the case which have not been told us, and which must have influenced the young lady's mother, not only to give her permission, but even to accompany her daughter. If the case is simply as you have put it, with all deference to the lady's mother, we think she made a very great mistake, one calculated to seriously compromise her daughter's reputation, as well as her own.

J. F. D.—Palpitation of the heart may either arise from a permanent disease, or simply from a temporary affection of that organ. The disease is sometimes in the heart, or its great vessels—or in all—a remedy for which it is scarcely in the power of medicine to offer. But the feeling from which you suffer, "palpitation of the heart," arises far more frequently from a disordered state of the digestive organs. The heart is a muscle, and like them, is itself liable to nervous tremors. To remove this, all excesses must be left off, and steady, regular habits of life adopted; nourishing diet, early rising, gentle exercise and air. The following mixture, taken three times a day, has been found very useful, if the palpitation be accompanied with spasmodic sensations: Ammoniated tincture of valerian, six drachms; camphor mixture, seven drachms. But if you suffer so much as you say you do, we would advise you to consult some good physician.

DICK.—"Writing a sensible (?) love letter," is one of the most difficult feats in the whole range of literary accomplishments, and we confess our utter inability, for the reason we shall proceed to give, to help you in the matter. Somebody, a French author we think it was, has said that to write a good love-letter, you must begin "without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said." But he was a Frenchman, and love in France is a very different thing from love in this country. There is just as much difference as there is between the cookery of the two countries. The secret of the matter is, that the more incomprehensible a love-letter is, the better it is; for the writer must be, for a moment, a little demented, or he would not write it; and the reader must be in the same condition, or she could not appreciate it. And for the same reason, not being ourselves in that peculiar mental condition favorable to the composition of love-letters, we cannot give you the assistance you so much desire.

L. H.—Your friend has done what many men before him have had to do, viz., given up most of the cronies of his bachelor days when he got married, and you have no right to complain. When a bachelor plunges into the pool of matrimony, he usually leaves behind him, as a bather might leave his clothes on the shore, his old habits and old friendships. The woman whom he has taken for a help-mate looks upon these with suspicion. She very naturally, and very properly, aspires to be the keeper of his conscience, the sole depository of his secrets, and is unwilling to let even a few stray beams of his affection wander off to any outsider, insisting that they be all focalized upon herself. If he loves her, of course he yields, and the friends of his bachelorhood find him a changed man. Too often the talk of the companions of his celebate days is not wholesome for the married ear. It is apt to be of champagne suppers, of old flirtations, of old-time escapades. Young wives know this by instinct, and they very wisely think that such conversation is not improving to young husbands, especially if at all inclined to be volatile.

BENEDICT.—"I wish you would advise me how a young couple, just married, should start out, so as to rise to comfortable circumstances." The first point is for the husband to make a confident of the wife. In that way he will secure her co-operation. Women are naturally economical, notwithstanding the general outcry about female extravagance. And when a woman's heart is full of woddest love there is hardly any sacrifice which she will not gladly make for the sake of her husband, if he trusts her. The husband can best determine the way and point out the course to fortune; but the wife can best administer on the domestic estate in such a manner as to make the most of the husband's earnings. Industry and sagacity on the part of the husband, combined with economy and prudence on the part of the wife, will slowly but surely lay the foundation of a prosperity which may be not only permanent but beneficent. The first step, however, is a copartnership of absolute trust and confidence between the husband and wife; and the husband must be the one to begin it. In this sense it is an eternal truth which the poet utters in the line:—"As the husband, so the wife is."

Y. C. A.—"Can you give the symbolic meaning of colors?" White was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. Red, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, heat of the creative power and royalty. White and red roses express love and innocence, or love and wisdom, as in the garland with which the ancients crowned St. Cecilia. In another sense, red signified blood, war, hatred and punishment. Red and black combined were the colors of purgatory. Blue, or the sapphire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity. Yellow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun, of the goodness of God, of marriage and faithfulness. In the picture of the apostles, St. Peter wears a yellow mantle over a blue tunic. Yellow also signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit. Green, the emerald, is the color of the spring, of hope, particularly hope of immortality and of victory, as the color of the palm and laurel. Violet, the amethyst, signified love and truth, or passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often worn by the martyrs. Black expressed the earth, darkness, mourning, wickedness, negation, death, and was appropriate to the Prince of Darkness. White and black together signify purity of life, and mourning or humiliation.

PUZZLED thus addresses us in verse, which, though he says not altogether original, so very aptly describes the dilemma in which he is placed that he cannot do better in matter-of-fact prose, if he were to try ever so hard:

I am coming to you for advice, sir,
On a subject that makes me feel bad;
And the sooner I know all about it,
Lost likely am I to go mad.

Two maidens (I beg you to listen)
Of equal attractions, we'll say,
Are here, as it were, placed before me—
If you can advise, do so, pray.

One has gentle blue eyes, and is pallid,
And I'm told she's an excellent hand
At making pies, puddings, and so forth;
In all things domestic she's grand.

The other—how *shall* I describe her?
She's a mixture of all that is gay;
Loves to flirt, and is so interesting,
Once with her, you can't get away.

Which I love best, I tell you's the question;
To decide for myself I am loath:
Were it not for the laws of the country
I believe I would marry them both.

It makes us feel as "bad" as it does you, for really we cannot help you out of your difficulty, or advise you which of the fair maidens you should decide upon.

W. W. W.—You will find the following instruction in the art of stuffing birds very full and easy to follow: As soon as the bird is killed, a little wool should be laid upon the bleeding orifice, the feathers laid in order, and the head wrapped up in tow; it should then be packed in hay and then quickly conveyed home. You then lay it upon a clean cloth, and part the feathers of the breast and abdomen; then divide the skin, taking care not to soil the feathers, from the breast to the vent; or they may be opened under the wing, and those which have beautiful breasts, as the divers, etc., may be opened on the back. Separate the skin from the muscles and cellular tissue, by means of the finger or a blunt instrument. Push up the thighs and deprive them from the flesh, and break the bone about its middle; draw the skin over its body, and remove it also from the wings to the second joint; treat them as you have done the thighs; then turn the skin over the head and remove the occipital part of the skull, so that you may be able to scoop and wash out the brain. Remove the eyes, dissect away as much flesh as possible from the skull, and when you have finished skinning it, rub the skin over with chalk, to remove adipose matter; wash it clean with a sponge and warm water, then cover it all over with either the following solution, powder or soap: *Solution.* Muriate of mercury, one ounce; alcohol, eight ounces. *Powder.* Muriate of mercury, half an ounce; burnt alum, half an ounce; tanner's bark, three pounds; camphor, four ounces. *Soap.* Camphor, five ounces; arsenious acid, two pounds; white soap, two pounds; subcarbonate of potass, twelve ounces; powdered lime, four ounces.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. N.—A gentleman who would say rude and false things about a young lady is not a fit companion for her, no matter how many apologies he may make. G. L. F.—You may put him down as a fickle man, who has altered his mind, and you had better at once dismiss him from your thoughts. ENGAGED.—Any jeweled ring will answer for an engagement ring. MARBLE.—You can clean ornaments of Parian marble with warm water and soap, or with warm milk. EDITH.—You need be under no fear that the luxuriance of your hair will impede your growth. ELLA.—We know of no work of the kind. It is a natural gift, and cannot be acquired artificially. MAY.—Belladonna is used to brighten the eyes, but we cannot recommend that or anything else for the purpose. J. H. H.—We never heard of cream of tartar being injurious to the sight. It is used as a purifier of the blood. A. B. C.—There are no means of accelerating the growth when you have reached the age of manhood. J. C. L.—The gentleman should ask the lady for her picture first. P. A. C.—We do not answer questions of a private character relating to any of our contributors. J. S. D.—In order to obtain a situation on the police force it is necessary to have some political influence to aid you. JOHN ANDERSON.—The steerage fare from New York to San Francisco is $60. J. P. S.—We know nothing of the parties whom you mention. Consult a regular physician for such ailments. H. J. G.—How is it possible for us to say whether or not you are likely to earn a livelihood by teaching music. W. T.—You had better give the young man his dismissal in the most summary manner possible. W. A. McC. (Williamsport.)—1. The best. 2. No. 3. Don't know. 4. Yes. 5. Yes. 6. Don't know. 7. No. B. W. PHILLIPS.—We are sorry we cannot give you any assistance on the matter regarding which you write. M. A. S.—A declaration of love should always come from the gentleman. He is the wooer—not the lady. J. J.—It is a simple case of nervous affection, which will no doubt wear off in course of time. NELLIE.—No charge whatever is made by us for answering questions in this column.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*